HONK!

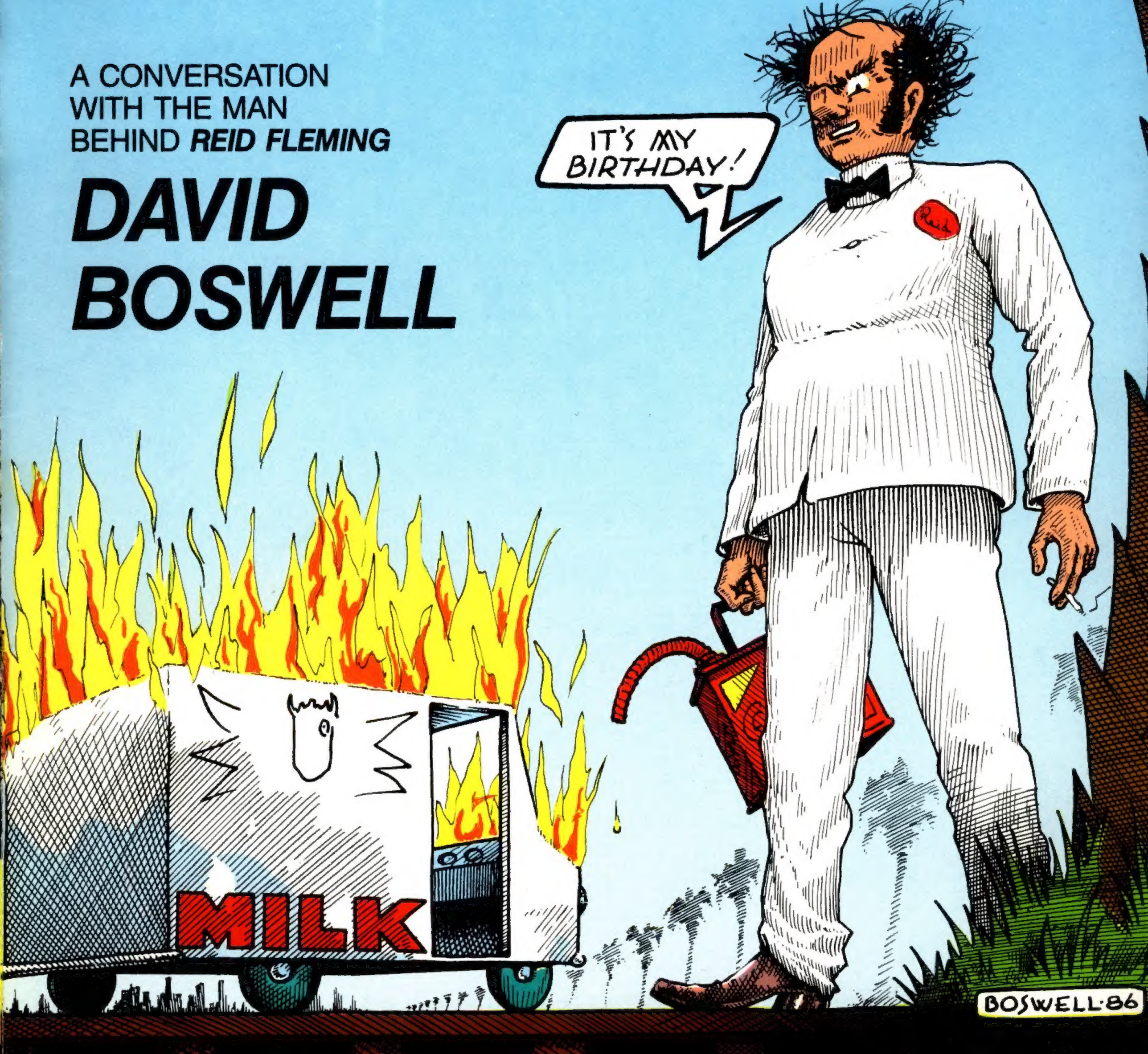
- ALAN MOORE
- J.R. WILLIAMS
- SIERGEY BROS.
- JOHN CALLAHAN
- PHIL ELLIOTT
- EDDIE CAMPBELL
- CRAIG BARTLETT
- GOTLIB

No. 4 ☐ $2.75 ($3.75 Canada)

Recommended for mature readers

A CONVERSATION WITH THE MAN BEHIND ***REID FLEMING***

DAVID BOSWELL



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Times

Monday, December 8, 1986

F/CC†/ 114 Pages

Daily 25¢

Nicaragua, Honduras in Border Fight

U.S. Pilots Ferry Troops to Airstrip Battle Zone

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Iran D to Sec

By JACK NELSOI

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er Fatality Falling in er-55 Group

ARLENE CIMON
s Staff Writer

SHINGTON—Despite a slow
ise in the incidence of cancer
g Americans under age 55,
ate at which members of this
group are dying of the disease
ontinuing to slow, the National
ncer Institute reported Sunday.
Dr. Vincent T. DeVita, director of
e institute, called the trend "one
the most encouraging cancer
tatistics we see this year," and
ttributed the declining death rate
to advances in treatment.

The institute, in its annual report
on cancer incidence and survival,
ported an unexpected slow-
dence of new cases

MEMO FROM ME. . .

Let's talk about me:

I like doing that. I like sitting down to a nice, piping-hot cup of tea and gabbing on and on about me. And what an interesting person I am, too, with plenty of amusing stories and several opinions and some very emphatic hand gestures to help illustrate them. Yes, you'd probably come away a richer person after a luncheon engagement with me. I know I do.

Let's talk about how I came to edit this magazine:

There I was, sitting there, and Kim Thompson walked into the room, and he said, "Joe, how would you like to edit this magazine?" "Yes!" I ejaculated. And what a marvelous job I intend to do, too!

Let's talk about my experience:

Oh, yes, I've got plenty of that! In fact, I've always had a hard time keeping my resume down to one page like you're supposed to.

Let's talk about my ideas for making this a better magazine:

Well, that could be a whole paragraph all to itself!

Let's talk about my latest sexual exploit:

(Kidding! I threw that one in to show you just how funny and off-the-wall I can get!)

Let's talk about why you should buy this magazine rather than give your money to a homeless person who hasn't had anything to eat in three days:

Sure! But not right now! We're having too much fun!

Let's talk about the kind of things I'd like to read if I only had time:

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, by William Shakespeare (I hear this one contains some of his best plays); Gary Groth's editorial in *Prime Cuts* #1 (I hear this one contains some of his best words).

A sample anecdote about me that demonstrates my moral character:

Years ago, I was at a loud party at the University of My Choice—the sort of affair where lots of young, lustful bodies are pressed into a tiny, sweaty apartment—and found myself mixing drinks for a sweet girl who licked her lips between sentences and sported very large breasts. We discoursed about the meaning of life, citing works of literature and art and Doobie Brothers' lyrics to illustrate our respective points. Shortly, between her fifth and sixth cup of Everclear punch, she fell in love with me. Next, she fell on the floor. I dragged her to the toilet, where she threw up a fair deal and called out my name between heaves. After she had finished, I walked her back to her dormitory in the cold night air. She snuggled up against me and was very appreciative, if you know what I mean. Knowing she was drunk, I declined her earnest invitation to "tuck her in." Years later, and I still do not regret my very noble behavior.

Postscript:

Unless I think about it too much—and then I want to kill myself.

Let's talk about the issue that concerns me the most:

It's "crack," of course. And before "crack" it was the homeless, and before that it was the missing children, and before that it was the nuclear winter. I think the whales were in there somewhere, too.

Let's talk about the need for a humor publication in the late 1980s:

Nixon's in the White House again. He wants to put war toys in space and he's got a Central American hair up his ass that he's going to dig out with a shovel—all in your name. The B-52s could be dumping on Cambodia again for all you know. Protest? Yeah! Go stand with the sandal-wearing herd and shake your fist at the evil corporations, the dangerous reactors, the chemical weapons, the asinine foreign policies. Protest worked in the '60s, right? It extricated the U.S. from an unpopular (though, apparently, no longer unjust) war, it brought down an administration, it gave blacks some civil rights. But Nixon's triumphed! He's back in town. And the fans love every stinking minute of it.

So what's the point of a humor publication these days? *To make you laugh,* goddamn you.

Joe Sacco

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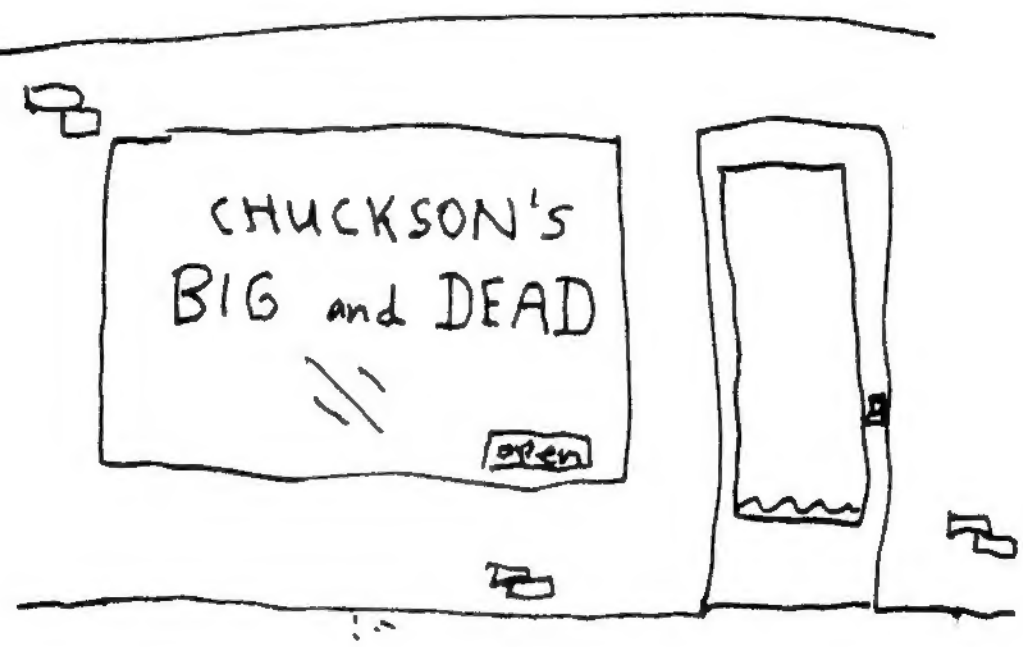
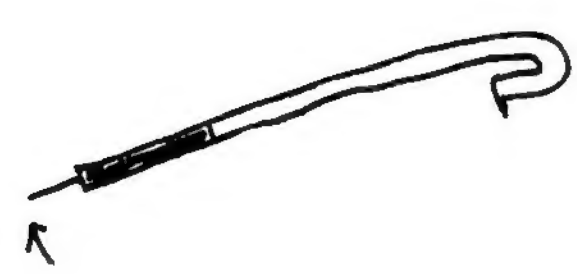
John Callahan's

questionable GOODS & SERVICES

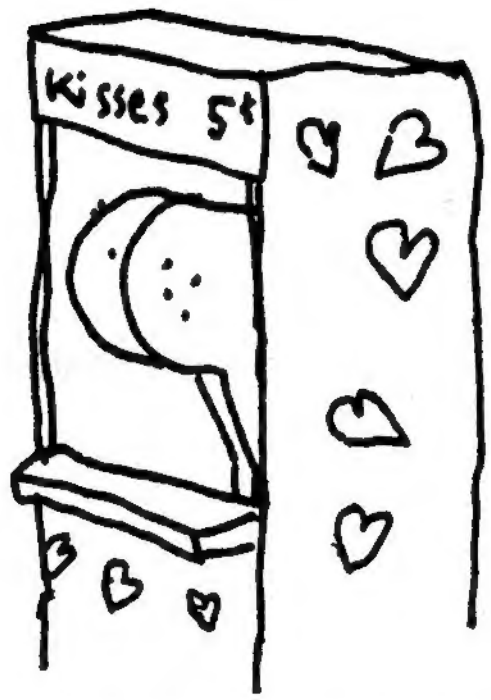


"CHUCKSON'S BIG AND DEAD"
(a clothing store for OVER-SIZED deceased men)

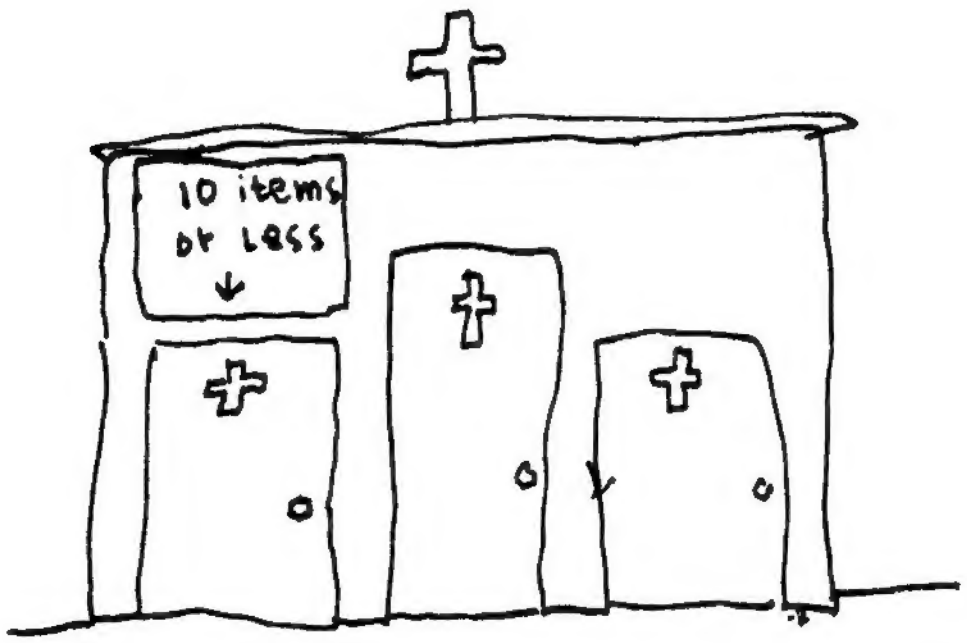


"THE LITTER-BE-GONE BLIND CANE
(a sharp nail protrudes from the end of the blind cane which snares bits of refuse as the sightless person taps along the street.)

"WITHDRAWING FOR DOLLARS"
(a T.V. Game show in which contestants were timed as they withdrew from addictive drugs).

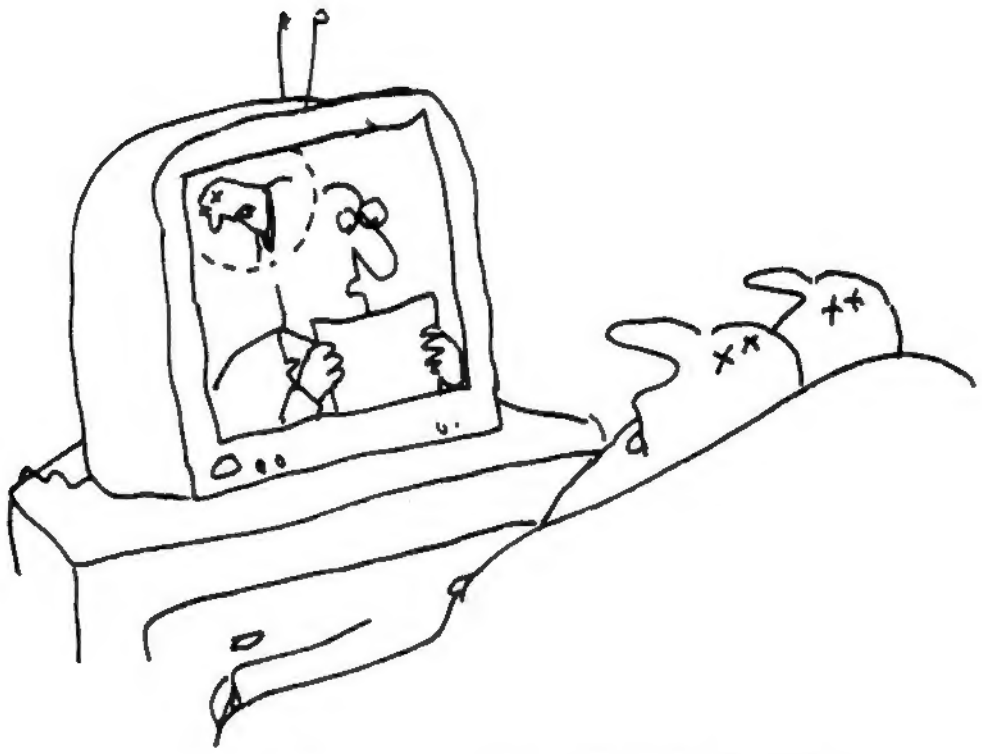


"THE LOW SELF-ESTEEM KISSING BOOTH"

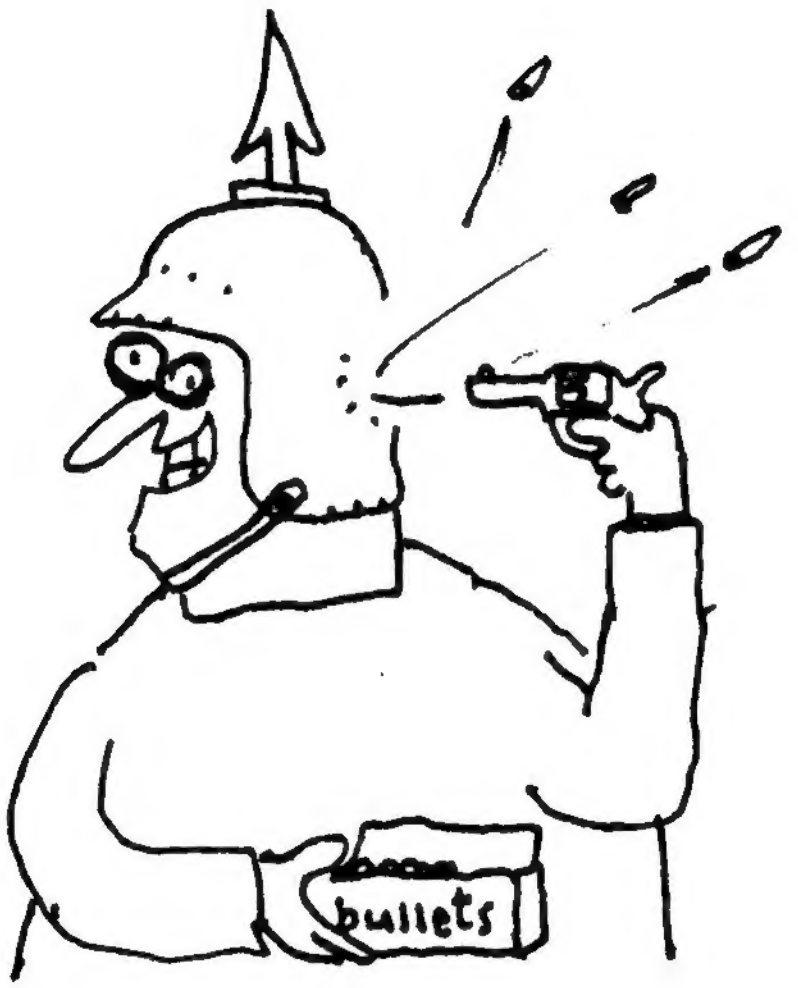


"THE EXPRESS-LANE CONFESSIONAL"

THE "au NATURALE HACKYSACK KIT"
(a hackysack kit which suggested
that you use your own testicles
for the game)



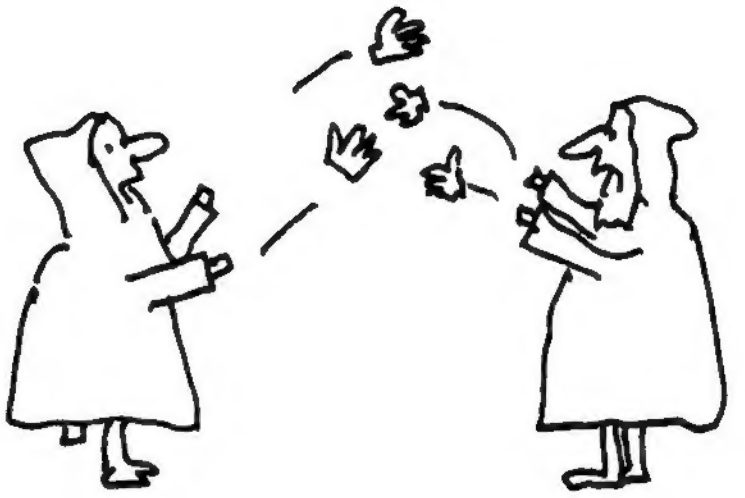
"CLOSED-CAPTION T.V. FOR THE DEAD"



"MR. SUICIDE"
(a kit which includes a .38 caliber revolver and shells, and a modified nazi war helmet so you can safely release that suicidal aggression.)

"THE ROLL AGAIN GAME"
(a board and dice game in which every square instructs the player to roll the dice again).

THE "ANOREXIC CAFE"



THE "LEPROSY JUGGLERS"
(a diseased troupe who juggled their own hands).

ROCK & ROLL DAD!

©1986 BY JRWILLIAMS

WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOMMY?

WELL, SUZIE, I'VE BEEN APPOINTED TO BE THE ENTERTAINMENT CHAIRMAN FOR THE CHURCH YOUTH GROUP FUND-RAISER!

U.S. MAIL

GOLLY, THAT'S A SERIOUS RESPONSIBILITY! IS IT UP TO YOU TO HIRE THE ENTERTAINMENT?

YES! AND, QUITE FRANKLY, SIS, I'M STUMPED!

HEY, I KNOW! LET'S ASK DAD! MOM SAYS HE USED TO BE IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS!

GREAT IDEA!! MAYBE **HE** CAN THINK OF SOMETHING!

SOON...

SO, MOM TOLD YOU ABOUT MY BEING IN THE "MUSIC BUSINESS", EH? IS THAT **ALL** SHE SAID ABOUT IT?

WELL, YES-- EXCEPT THAT YOU WORKED WITH SOME OF THE "BIGGEST NAMES"!

YES, WELL--IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME SINCE I'VE HAD **ANYTHING** TO DO WITH... I...I DON'T THINK I--

PLEASE, DAD? TOMMY'S IN A REAL FIX!!

--OH, "SUZIE-Q", I JUST DON'T KN--

SNAP "SUZIE-Q"!!

♫ OH, SUZIE-Q! (DEET-DEEDLE-DEE-DEE) OH, SUZIE-Q, BABY I LOVE YOU, SUZIE---

??

!!!

CLICK AH--ER--**WELL**, UH--OKAY, TOMMY, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO... YOU TWO HAD BETTER RUN ALONG NOW, HUH?

OKAY! THANKS, DAD, YOU'RE **SWELL!**

MOMENTS LATER...

PEGGY, **WHY** DID YOU HAVE TO TELL THE CHILDREN ABOUT--

OH, JOHN, I DIDN'T "LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG"! I DIDN'T SEE ANY HARM IN MENTIONING--

HONESTLY, DEAR, YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT--MY **PAST**...

BLUSH

OF COURSE I DO... BUT AREN'T YOU TAKING IT A BIT TOO SERIOUSLY? TOMMY NEEDS YOUR HELP! WOULD IT BE SUCH A CRIME IF YOU WERE TO COME OUT OF RETIREMENT JUST THIS ONCE?

NO, PEG! I **CAN'T!** FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE, I SWORE TO GIVE IT UP **FOREVER!!** WE AGREED THAT THE... GAG... **ROCK 'N' ROLL LIFE** WASN'T THE PROPER WAY TO RAISE THEM--

YES, YES, I KNOW, JOHN. I'M SORRY.

BUT, COULDN'T YOU FIND SOME **OTHER** ENTERTAINER? SURELY ONE OF YOUR OLD CONNECTIONS STILL OWES YOU A FAVOR OR TWO, DON'T YOU THINK?

NOW, **THERE'S** AN IDEA!!

I'LL CALL MY OLD AGENT, MORTY GOLDMAN, FIRST THING TOMORROW! THANKS, DOLL! I **KNEW** I MARRIED YOU FOR A GOOD REASON, PEGGY SUE! I--

SNAP **"PEGGY SUE"!!**

OH, DEAR...

PEGGY SUE! PEGGY SUE! PRETTYPRETTYPRETTYPRETTY PEGGY SUE! OH, PEGGY...

SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE

CLICK --I--I'M SORRY, SWEETHEART-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT COMES OVER ME SOMETIMES...

EASY, BIG FELLA.

THE NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICES OF GOLDMAN AND GOLDMAN...

SID! WHERE'RE THOSE CONTRACTS FOR THAT NEW ROCK BAND WE'RE SIGNING?

--YOU MEAN "SATAN'S SLAVES"?

NO, NOT "NATHAN JAMES"-- HE'S THAT "GOSPEL ROCK" ACT WE PICKED UP... I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THAT "HEAVY METAL" GROUP, "SATAN'S SLAVES"!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID! HERE!!

THESE KIDS ARE GONNA BE THE NEXT BIG THING, SID-BABY!

MORTY, I'M TELLIN' YA, YOU GOTTA GET YOUR HEARING CHECKED! YOU BEEN LISTENIN' TO THAT LOUD MUSIC TOO MUCH!

WHADDAYA MEAN? NOTHIN'S WRONG WITH MY EARS! YA JUST GOTTA **SPEAK UP**, THAT'S ALL-- I CAN'T UNNERSTAND YA WHEN YA **MUMBLE**, SID!!

OY VEY.

MEANWHILE...

MORTY MANAGES **NATHAN JAMES**, THE "GOSPEL ROCK" SINGER--A PERFECT ACT FOR THE CHURCH FUND-RAISER!!

YEAH, GOLDMAN 'N' GOLDMAN... OKAY, JUST A MINUTE--

MORTY! TELEPHONE!!

--AM I "ALONE"? OF **COURSE** I'M ALONE, YOU PUTZ! WHAT, YOU THINK I GOT YOUR **WIFE** IN HERE OR SOME-THIN'?

READ MY LIPS, WISE GUY!! **TELL-UH-FFONE!!!**

OH, "TELEPHONE"! WHY DIDN'T YA SAY SO?

YEAH, THIS IS MORTY, WHO'S THIS?--**WHO**? SPEAK UP! JOHN **WHAT**?--JOHN BLUE? WAITAMINUTE, THAT NAME'S FAMILIAR...

--OH, YEAH!! NOW I REMEMBER!!

--ROCKIN' JOHNNY BLUE!! HOW THE HELL ARE YA?! -- SURE, JOHNNY, ANYTHING YA WANT! YOU KNOW YOU CAN COUNT ON OL' MORTY!!

ER, WELL, MORTY, I'D LIKE TO HIRE **NATHAN JAMES** TO PLAY FOR A BENEFIT AT MY CHURCH IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS -- IT'S TO RAISE MONEY FOR...

YEAH -- YEAH, OKAY, I GOT IT! NO PROBLEM, JOHNNY! THE BAND'LL BE THERE! -- AAH, DON'T MENTION IT... I OWE YA THIS ONE! HEY, NICE TALKIN' TO YA, KID! BYE, GOD BLESS!

--WAS THAT **REALLY** ROCKIN' JOHNNY?

AH, SID, CAN YA **BELIEVE** IT? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS -- HUH, I WONDER WHY HE'D WANNA BOOK AN ACT LIKE **THAT** FOR A CHURCH BENEFIT--?

WHICH ACT?

"SATAN'S SLAVES"! I GUESS HE MUST'VE HEARD WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO SIGN 'EM... WELL, LIFE'S FULLA SURPRISES, EH, SID?

TWO WEEKS LATER, AT THE CHURCH AUDITORIUM...

UH -- DAD? THE BAND IS HERE, BUT --

IT'S ABOUT TIME!! THEY GO ON IN TWENTY MINUTES!! THEY'D BETTER GET SET UP IN A HURRY!!

STAGE

HEY, MAN, EXCUSE ME... COMIN' THROUGH...

OH, SORRY, I--- **WHA--?!?**

INCEST IS BEST

SATAN'S SLAVES

--THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF MISTAKE!!!

SORRY WE'RE **LATE**, MAN, BUT WE OVERSLEPT!!

STAGE

DAD, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! WE CAN'T LET THESE GUYS PLAY-- NOT HERE!!

I KNOW, TOMMY--BUT ALL THOSE PEOPLE HAVE PAID TO SEE A SHOW! I-- I'LL HAVE TO THINK... ER, WHERE'S YOUR MOTHER?

WHAT IS IT, JOHN?

PEG! SOMETHING'S COME UP! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW--I-- I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BREAK A PROMISE--FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T LET THE BAND START UNTIL I GET BACK!!

-FORGIVE ME, BABY!!!

WHERE'S HE GOING, MOM? TO GET A DIFFERENT ACT?

I THINK SO, TOMMY--WE'LL HAVE A LONG STORY TO TELL YOU WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER, I IMAGINE...

--HOPE I HAVE ENOUGH TIME--!!

SOON, IN THE ATTIC...

AH, HERE IT IS!! I WONDER IF EVERYTHING IS STILL IN IT--?

ROCKIN' JOHNNY BLUE

ROCKIN' JOHNNY BLUE LIVE

BRYLCREEM

BACK AT THE CHURCH AUDITORIUM...

AW, C'MON, LADY--WHAT'S THE HOLD-UP? WE'RE ALL READY TO GO--GIMME BACK MY DRUM-STICKS SO WE CAN START THIS GIG, OKAY?

SORRY, BOYS, BUT THERE'S A SLIGHT CHANGE IN PLANS-YOU'RE GOING TO BE BACKING A DIFFERENT SINGER TO-NIGHT!

HUH?! WHADDAYA TALKIN' ABOUT?!?

YOU'RE OUTA YOUR **MIND**, LADY!

--HAVE YOU GUYS EVER HEARD OF **ROCKIN' JOHNNY BLUE?**

!!!--YOU MEAN--ROCKIN' JOHNNY'S GONNA BE **HERE**?!? WOW!! I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT!! I'VE SEEN ALL HIS MOVIES ABOUT A MILLION TIMES!!

--I'VE GOT ALL HIS ALBUMS!!

-HE'S MY **MAIN INFLUENCE!!**

MRS. BLUE--ARE WE JUST ABOUT READY TO BEGIN? THE AUDIENCE IS BECOMING A BIT IMPATIENT...

MY HUSBAND SHOULD BE BACK AT ANY MOMENT, FATHER--YOU SHOULD BE READY TO INTRO-DUCE...

MOM!! HE'S HERE!!

MOMENTS LATER...

LADIES AND GENTLE-MEN--I'M SORRY YOU HAVE BEEN KEPT WAITING FOR SO LONG, BUT I THINK YOU'LL AGREE THAT IT WAS WELL WORTH THE WAIT WHEN I INTRODUCE TONIGHT'S SPECIAL GUEST! NATHAN JAMES WAS NOT ABLE TO BE HERE-IN HIS PLACE WE ARE PLEASED TO PRESENT...

--ROCKIN' JOHNNY BLUE!!

--YAAYY!!

--I'M IN A **FRENZY!!**

MY GOD! IT REALLY **IS** HIM--!!

I THOUGHT HE WAS **DEAD!!**

EEEEEE!!

♪ DIG THIS CRAZY MOOD I'M IN-- LISTEN TO MY HEART AS IT STARTS TO SPIN-- WHEN YOU KISS ME 'N' DO IT AGAIN--I'M IN A FRENZY!!*

* FRENZY (Hill/Stevenson) Copyright control.

LISTEN TO THAT CROWD-- THEY'RE GOING WILD!!

THEY OUGHT TO BE--JOHN HASN'T PERFORMED IN YEARS...

--YOU MEAN DAD IS A ROCK AND ROLL STAR?!?

AFTER THE SHOW...

BABY, I'VE BEEN LIVIN' A LIE-- ROCK 'N' ROLL IS IN MY BLOOD! I'M GOIN' BACK OUT ON THE ROAD-- YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT ME WHILE I'M GONE...

...WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU STARIN' AT?!?

SOME MONTHS LATER, AT HOME BETWEEN CONCERT DATES...

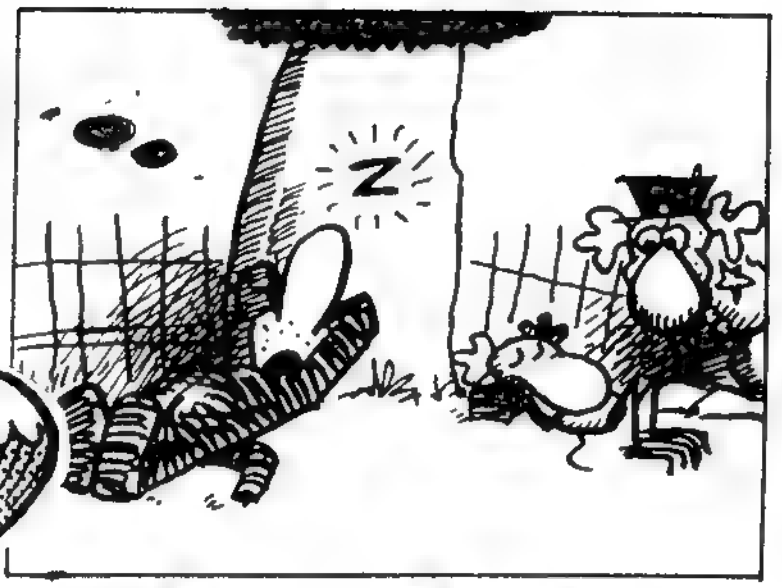
Z

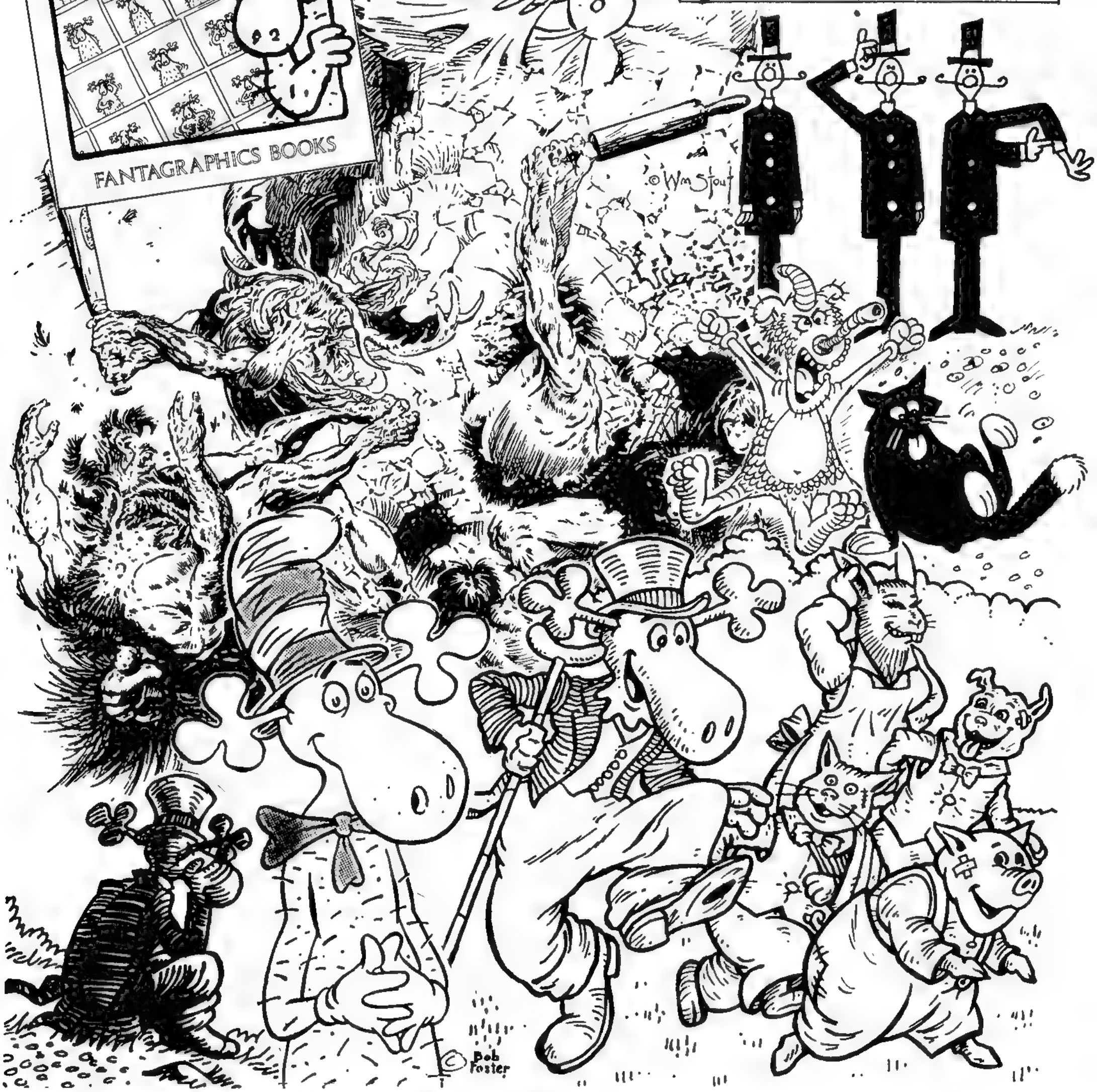
HEY, DAD!! THEY'RE SHOWING SOME OF YOUR OLD MOVIES DOWN AT THE BIJOU! CAN TOMMY AND I GO?

YEAH, YEAH, OKAY, HERE'S TEN BUCKS-- NOW GIDADDAHERE 'N' QUIT BUGGIN' ME.

GEE, DAD-- YOU'RE THE COOLEST!!

END.





FROM FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS IN JANUARY OF 1987!

KAT KWANU

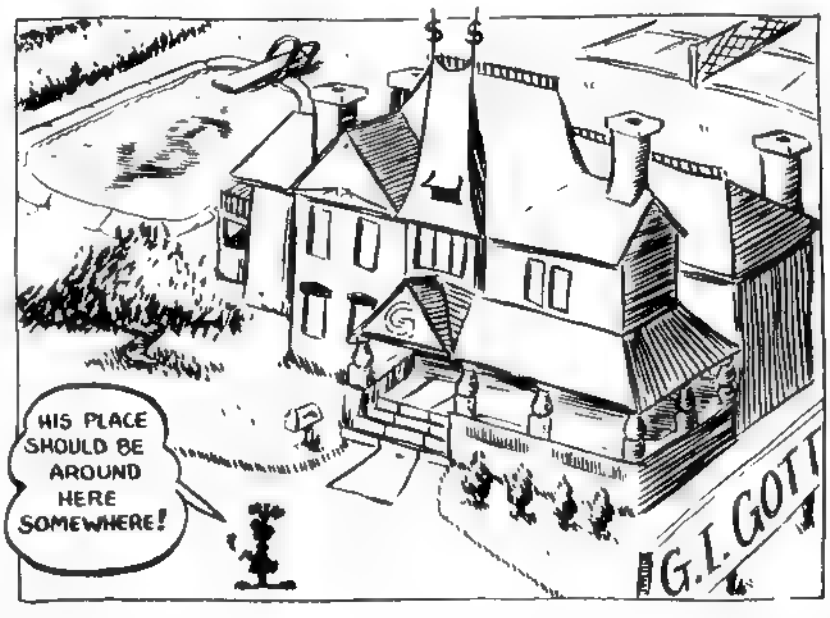
by SIERGEY BROS.

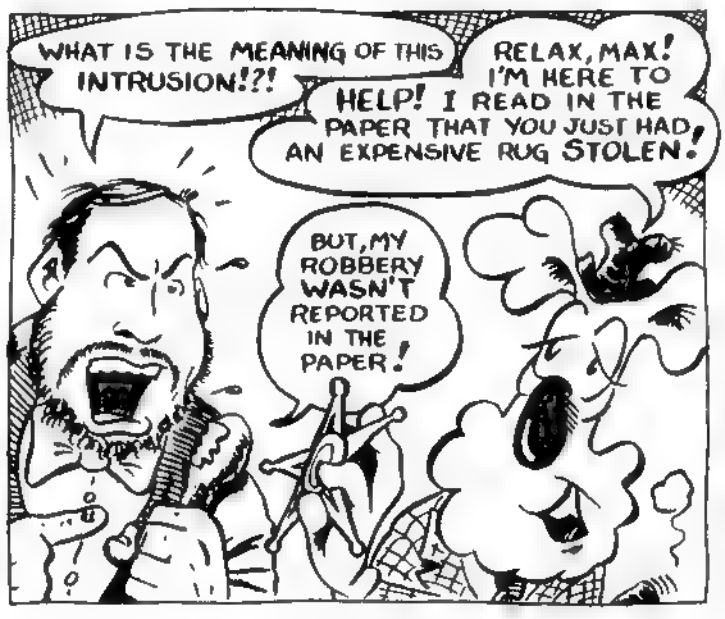
©1987

BARKEEP! GIMME ANOTHER BREW! I JUST GOT SACKED FROM MY VACUUM CLEANER SALESMAN POSITION! I WANNA CELEBRATE!
I WAS CANNED TODAY, TOO!
BARBELLS
OH YEH? THAT'S ALMOST INTERESTING!

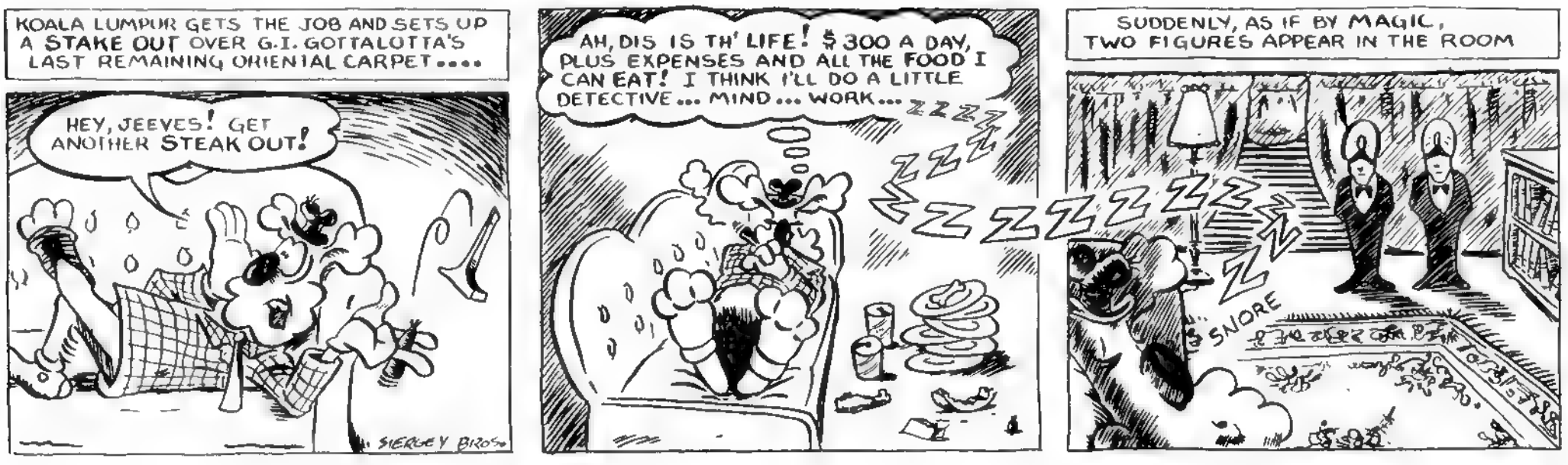
YEH, THERE'S BEEN A RASH OF RUG-ROBBERYS UP ON MILLIONAIRE'S ROAD! I WAS HIRED TO GUARD MR. G.I. GOTTALOTTA'S $100,000 ORIENTAL RUG! BUT IT WAS STOLEN RIGHT FROM UNDER MY FEET!
AIN'T THAT A SHAME? HMM... MILLIONAIRE'S ROAD! THAT'S A RICH NEIGHBORHOOD, AIN'T IT?
BARFLIES

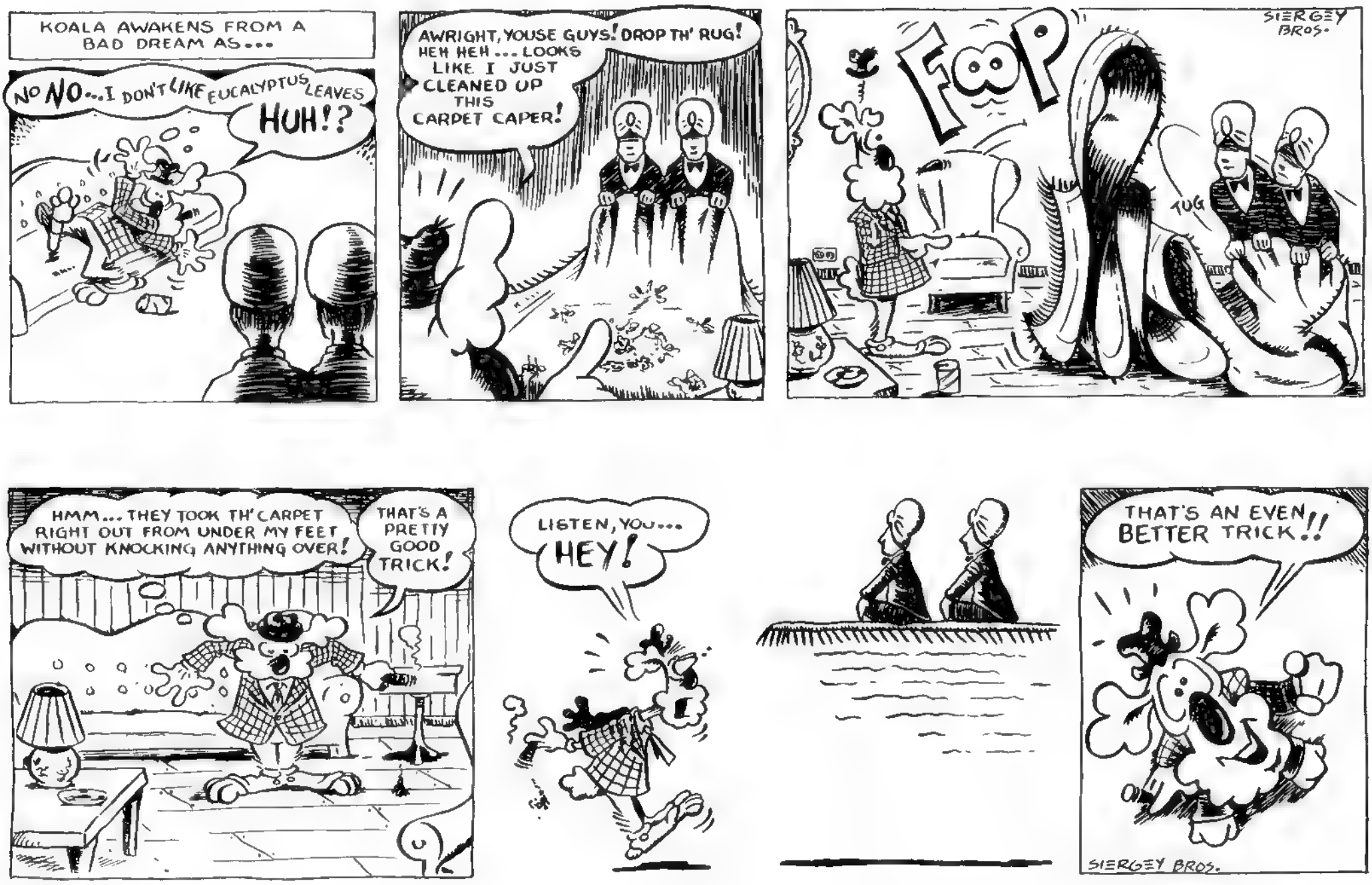
BOY, IF A LOSER LIKE HIM CAN BE A DETECTIVE, IT SHOULD BE A CINCH FOR ME! I'M MICKEY SPILLANE MATERIAL, IF EVER THERE WAS ANY!
SIERGEY BROS




WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION!?!
RELAX, MAX! I'M HERE TO HELP! I READ IN THE PAPER THAT YOU JUST HAD AN EXPENSIVE RUG STOLEN!
BUT, MY ROBBERY WASN'T REPORTED IN THE PAPER!

SO, YOU PROFESS TO BE AN EXPERT IN SOLVING MYSTERIES, EH, MR. LUMPUR? WELL, THIS RECENT SCOURGE OF CARPET PILFERING IS MOST MYSTERIOUS, INDEED!
UH HUH, PASS THE PEAS!
CHOMP
GULP
YOU SEE, WHEN THE RUGS ARE TAKEN, THE FURNITURE IS NEVER MOVED, AND THE DOORS REMAIN LOCKED!
PASS THE MEATBALLS!
GOT ANY KETCHUP?
EAT
EAT
ALL PREVIOUS INVESTIGATIONS HAVE GOTTEN NOWHERE! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DO BETTER?
AH, IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE!
SNAP
BURP!
BROS. SIERGEY


KOALA LUMPUR GETS THE JOB AND SETS UP A STAKE OUT OVER G.I. GOTTALOTTA'S LAST REMAINING ORIENTAL CARPET....
HEY, JEEVES! GET ANOTHER STEAK OUT!
SIERGEY BROS.
AH, DIS IS TH' LIFE! $300 A DAY, PLUS EXPENSES AND ALL THE FOOD I CAN EAT! I THINK I'LL DO A LITTLE DETECTIVE... MIND... WORK... ZZZZ
SUDDENLY, AS IF BY MAGIC, TWO FIGURES APPEAR IN THE ROOM
SNORE


KOALA AWAKENS FROM A BAD DREAM AS...
NO NO... I DON'T LIKE EUCALYPTUS LEAVES
HUH!?
AWRIGHT, YOUSE GUYS! DROP TH' RUG! HEH HEH... LOOKS LIKE I JUST CLEANED UP THIS CARPET CAPER!
FOOP
TUG
SIERGEY BROS.
HMM... THEY TOOK TH' CARPET RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER MY FEET WITHOUT KNOCKING ANYTHING OVER!
THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD TRICK!
LISTEN, YOU...
HEY!
THAT'S AN EVEN BETTER TRICK!!
SIERGEY BROS.

THE CARPET SNATCHERS CLAP THEIR HANDS AND THE WINDOW OPENS....

Putt Putt

SIERGEY BROS.

COME BACK HERE, YOU RATS! YOU'RE FLYIN' AWAY ON MY MEAL TICKET!

EASY, FRIEND!

WOTSA BIG IDEA GRABBIN' ME LIKE DAT? I WAS JUST ABOUT TO NAB THOSE GUYS!

SIERGEY BROS

MY HUMBLEST APOLOGIES IF I INTERFERED, MY LITTLE FRIEND, BUT THEY APPEARED TO BE WELL OUT OF YOUR GRASP....

WHO YA CALLIN' LITTLE, YA DIRTY...

PUT 'EM UP

JAB

JAB

HOW'D YOU LIKE A POKE INNA CHOPS?

CEASE AND DESIST, MY FRIEND, MY QUARREL IS WITH THE CARPET THIEVES, NOT WITH YOU!

OH, TRYIN' TO HORN IN ON MY TERRITORY, EH? JUST WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS... KAT MANDU!

HEY! THAT'S THE NAME OF THIS COMIC STRIP!

WELL, MANDU, WHAT NOW? THERE GOES MY FREE MEALS AND $300 A DAY FLYIN' OFF INTO THE NIGHT!

NOT SO HASTY, KOALA! WE CAN STILL APPREHEND THEM!

VISHNA VOOSHNA VOOSHNATEER

OH, YEH? HOW???

MMM POIT!

SIERGEY BROS.

HOLY ALTERED STATES!

CUT THE BURT WARD ROUTINE, KOALA, AND HOP ABOARD!

THIS IS UNREAL! HOW'JA CHANGE YERSELF INTO A FLYING CARPET?

SIERGEY

I AM A SHAMAN! I POSSESS MYSTICAL POWERS FAR BEYOND THE COMPREHENSION OF MORTAL MAN!

OH

AND WATCH THAT CIGAR!

HUH? OH... YEAH... SORRY!

THERE'S THEM FLYIN' CARPET THIEVES! Y'THINK YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH THEM?

YES, BUT I BELIEVE IT WOULD BE WISER TO FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR LAIR!

BROS. SIERGEY

I GUESS YER RIGHT! BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST IN ALL THIS?

THE VILLIANS STOLE A 16TH CENTURY KASHAN PRAYER RUG FROM ME! IT WAS A FAMILY HEIRLOOM!

LOOK OUT FOR DAT PLANE!

WATCH IT!

TURN RIGHT!

STOP!

GO!

SLOW DOWN!

SPEED UP!

IN FACT, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE RIDING ON NOW, AN AIR LOOM!

SHUT UP AND TURN LEFT!

I BETCHA THAT CASTLE IS THEIR HIDEOUT!

YOUR POWERS OF DEDUCTION ARE AMAZING, KOALA!

POIT

QUICK! STOP! WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF PANEL!

KAT MANDU REVERTS TO HIS NATURAL STATE AS THEY SOAR THROUGH A WINDOW!

I TOLD YOU TO BE CAREFUL WITH THAT CIGAR! JUST LOOK AT MY COAT!

NEVER MIND THAT! I HEAR VOICES! WE GOTTA HIDE!

BROS SIERGEY

KAT LEVITATES THEM UP TO THE RAFTERS, AS THREE FIGURES ENTER THE ROOM...

GEORGE RAFTER

WONDERFUL, BOYS! YOU'VE BROUGHT ME A NEW RUG! JUST IN TIME, TOO, I WAS STARTING TO GET THE SHAKES!

OH JOY! OH RAPTURE! THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE A NICE, SOFT, ILLEGALLY OBTAINED ORIENTAL.... CARPET!

OOH! AH! MMM I WUVOO!

SIERGEY BROS.

RUGS! RUGS! I MUST HAVE RUGS! I LOVE TO SQUEEZE 'EM AND HUG 'EM...

AND SLAP 'EM AND SLUG 'EM...

BAP

AND CHEW 'EM AND EAT 'EM AND WEAR 'EM AND BEAT 'EM AND ROLL 'EM AND SMOKE 'EM AND KISS 'EM AND CHOKE 'EM AND FLUFF 'EM AND BUFF 'EM AND...

RRRR!

SIERGEY BROS.

WHAT'S WITH THAT GUY?

I'M AFRAID, KOALA, THAT HE IS A DEMENTED RUG ADDICT!

HAPPILY EVER RAFTER

♫ RUGS, RUGS, GLORIOUS RUGS ♫ RUGS MAKE ME FEEL ECSTATIC I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THOSE ♪ GLO-OR-IOUS RUGS ♪ BECAUSE I AM A RUG ADDICT!

YES, FOLKS, I'M ADDICTED TO .... RUGS! I STARTED OUT SMALL... WELCOME MATS, THROW RUGS, HALL RUNNERS... THEN I GRADUATED TO... TUBULAR BRAIDS, AND... AND... DEEP PILE SHAG!

AND NOW, ONLY THE FINEST QUALITY ORIENTAL CARPETS CAN SATISFY MY DEPRAVED DESIRES!

OH BAYBEE!

WHILE ABOVE...

OOP!

CRUMP.

SIERGEY BROS.

BDONK!

GRAB HIM!

CHEE! TALK ABOUT WALL TO WALL CARPETING!

RUG BEE

SIERGEY

AN INTRUDER! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WHO SENT YOU? WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE COLOR? WHAT SIZE SHOE DO YOU WEAR? WHO LED THE AMERICAN LEAGUE IN HITTING IN 1961?

AWRITE, THE JIG IS UP, JULIUS! THIS PLACE IS SURROUNDED! SO, CALL OFF YER PINT-SIZED PUNJABS HERE AND COME ALONG QUIETLY!

GRRR GRRR

TAKE HIM TO THE WHEEL!

SIERGEY BROS.

THAT'S IT, BOYS! TIE HIM UP NICELY ON THAT SPINNING WHEEL! YOU KNOW, I THINK I'LL MAKE A NICE BEAR RUG OUT OF YOU! HYUK HYUK SNORT SNURK!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

OH? AND WHY NOT?

BECAUSE I'M NOT A BEAR! I'M A MARSUPIAL!

THEN, I'LL MAKE A MARSUPIAL RUG!

KAT MANDU! WHERE ARE YOU? HALP!

SIERGEY

ANDU TAKES ADVANTAGE OF KOALA'S PREDICAMENT AND SEARCHES THE CASTLE...

WELL, THAT RUG ADDICT HAS CERTAINLY "COLLECTED" A VAST AMOUNT OF ORIENTAL CARPETRY!

CARPET TREE

EVERY TYPE OF CARPET IMAGINABLE IS HERE... KIRSHEHRS, KASHKAS, MARISHKAS, TABRIZ, WOOLWORTHS... BUT NO SIGN OF MY PRAYER RUG!

LEVELOR

MANDU... HELP!

EH?

BROS. SIERGEY

HA-A-A-A-A-LP!

SPIN WHIRR WHIZZ

HEE HEE HEE SCREAM ALL YOU WANT, MY CUDDLY FRIEND, BUT THERE IS NO ONE WHO CAN HEAR YOU OR HELP YOU! HA! AHENH! AHENH!

GULP

HEH HEH

RUG BURN

DON'T-CALL-ME-CUD-DLY!

HEH! HEH! AFTER THEY'VE SPUN YOUR FUR INTO THREAD, MY MIDGET MAGICIANS SHALL WEAVE IT INTO AN UNWELCOME MAT FOR THE FOYER! HA! HA!

SPIN

TWIRL

HEE HEE

LISTEN, CURLY, I NEED MY FUR!

WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU'LL HAVE A NEED FOR NOTHING! HA HA! HEE HEE! HOHO!

WHIZZ

WHIRR

HA! HA! HA!

SIERGEY BROS.

KAT MAND-OO! WHERE ARE YOO?!

SPIN FASTER, M'BOYS! HIS RANTING IS DRIVING ME RAVING!

MAD, THAT IS!

KAT MANDU? ISN'T THAT A CHINESE DISH? CANTONESE I BELIEVE!

SUDDENLY...

PA-ZOOP!

WOULD YOU LIKE TIBET ON IT?

SIERGEY Bros.

I BELIEVE I HEARD MY NAME BEING BANDIED ABOUT!

BANDIED, SHMANDIED, YOU "GARFIELD" REJECT, GET ME OFFA THIS WHIRLING DERVISH!

YAS IST LOS?

KICK ME

EEEK! ANOTHER INTRUDER! ATTACK! GET HIM! GET HIM!! QUICK! HURRY! FAST! NOW! OOH! EEE! OOH! AH! AH!

HUZZA HUZZA

HUP-HO HIYAAA

HUP HO AAAYII

AH HAAH

HOO HAH HIYOOO

HEY THERE!

SIERGEY

MANDU APPEARS AND CONFRONTS THE PINT-SIZED PUNJABS....

WATCH IT, KAT! I THINK THEY GOT SOMETHING UP THEIR SLEEVES!

BY THE BOUNCING BELLY OF BUDDAH!!

BONK

MEANWHILE...

SIERGEY BROS.

MANDU TRIES TO USE HIS MYSTICAL POWERS, BUT IS HINDERED BY THE PERSISTANT PELTING OF OBJECTS FLUNG AT HIM BY THE TINY MAGICIANS

WUMP!

OOMPH!

VISHNU... ERK!

THWACK!

KA-CHUNK

VISHNU, VOOSH- OOF!

BONK

SIERGEY BROS.

HOW ANNOYING! THIS CONSTANT BARRAGE OF OBJECTS IS PROHIBITING ME FROM ASSUMING MY TRANSFORMATIONAL CHANTING POSITION! OH WELL, I'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO CHEAP TRICKS!

BZZOT!

GING!

GING!

BROS. SIERGEY

BOY, THEY SURE ARE LUCKY YOU SHOWED UP, MANDU! I WAS JUST GONNA MAKE MY MOVE ON 'EM!

THEN, WHY DID YOU CALL FOR ME?

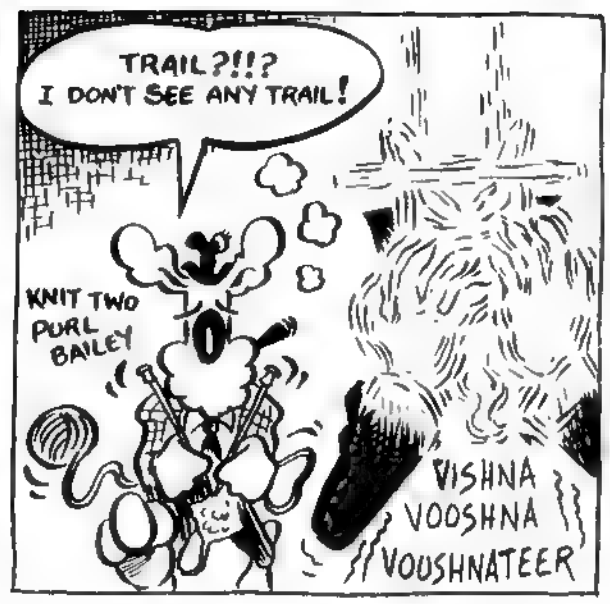
SIERGEY

AH, JUST TO LET THEIR GUARD DOWN, THAT'S ALL... SHEESH! LOOK AT THIS! WHAT'LL I DO? IT'LL TAKE MONTHS TO GROW ALL MY FUR BACK!

GASP! A KOALA BARE!

PERHAPS THIS CAN BE OF SOME SERVICE, MY BALDING FRIEND!

HOW DO YOU KNOW WHICH WAY THAT RUG ADDICT WENT? THIS CASTLE MUST HAVE A THOUSAND HALLWAYS!
I'LL SIMPLY FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF THOSE SUB-NORMAL SIZED TURBANITES! THEY SHOULD LEAD ME RIGHT TO HIM!
KNIT ONE PURL TWO


TRAIL?!!? I DON'T SEE ANY TRAIL!
KNIT TWO PURL BAILEY
VISHNA VOOSHNA VOUSHNATEER

SIGHT IS NOT THE ONLY SENSE WE POSSESS, KOALA! WE'LL FOLLOW BY SMELL!
SNORF
SNUFF
BROS. SIERGEY

OHHHHHH... ALL THESE TURNS OF EVENTS... HOW DISTRESSING! I'M GETTING VERY UPSET!

I'VE GOT TO CALM MYSELF DOWN!
HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS ?
I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT!!
RIP

I NEED A DOSE OF RUG TO CONSOLE ME SO I CAN THINK STRAIGHT!
AHHH...
THAT SPECIAL PRAYER RUG THAT I'VE BEEN SAVING, THAT'S WHAT I NEED!
PANT-PANT SLOBBER DROOL
LOOM ROOM
MAIL
SIERGEY BROS.

YES, RIGHT INSIDE HERE ARE ALL MY FAVORITE ORIENTAL RUGS FROM THE PAST!
HUBBA HUBBA
CREEEEK

HENH, HENH... HERE IT IS! MY SPECIAL RUG FROM NEPAL! NICE 'N' FRESH!
SNIF
SNORF
FWAP

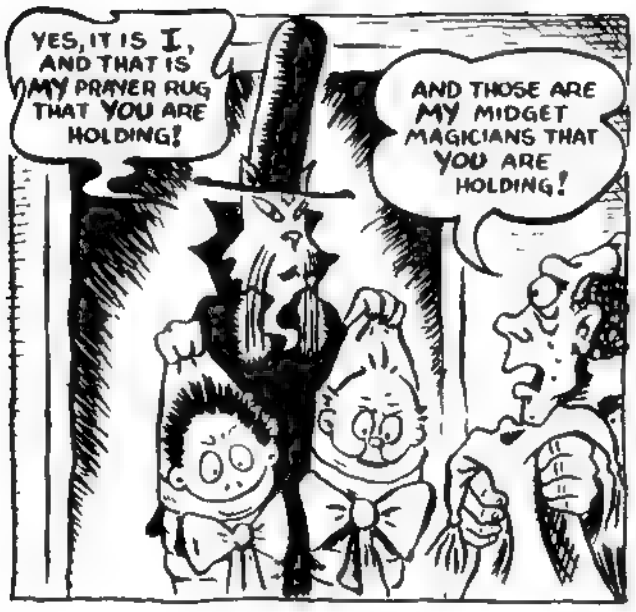
OH BAY-BEE! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
SMAK
SMEK

KNOCK KNOCK
WHA'?
SIERGEY

WHO IS IT? WHO'S OUT THERE?
IT'S US, BOSS! OPEN UP!
KNOCK KNOCK
SIERGEY BROS.

BOYS! DID YOU TAKE CARE OF THAT MYSTICAL CAT?
EXCUSE ME, MY SWEET, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!
WHAT ABOUT THAT BEAR? WHERE IS...

IT'S YOU!


YES, IT IS I, AND THAT IS MY PRAYER RUG THAT YOU ARE HOLDING!
AND THOSE ARE MY MIDGET MAGICIANS THAT YOU ARE HOLDING!

QUITE SO, AND I INTEND TO REMAIN HOLDING THEM! THEY CERTAINLY ARE PROFICIENT PRESTIDIGITATORS!
THAT'S NOT NICE TO SAY!
THEY'RE ACTUALLY VERY GIFTED MAGICIANS!

MORE GIFTED THAN I GIVE THEM CREDIT FOR!
HA HA HA
EH?
BROS. SIERGEY

KAT IS CAUGHT IN A CHINESE FINGER PUZZLE AND, BEING UNABLE TO GESTURE, IS HELD POWERLESS!
THIS IS CERTAINLY BECOMING AN EMBARRASSING DEBUT FOR ME!

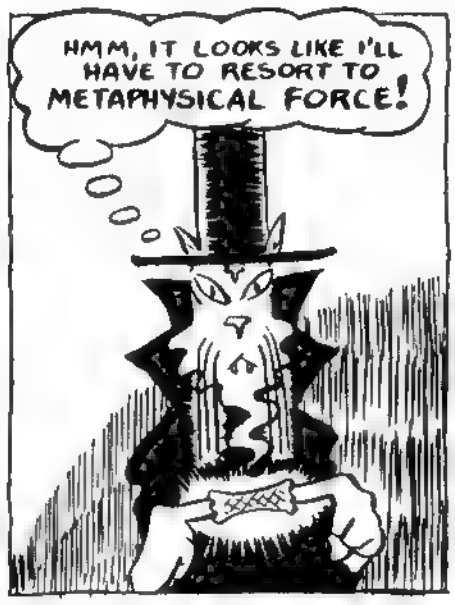
THAT'S IT, BOYS! TIE HIM UP NICE AND TIGHT WITH THOSE SCARVES!! HEE HEE HOO HOO

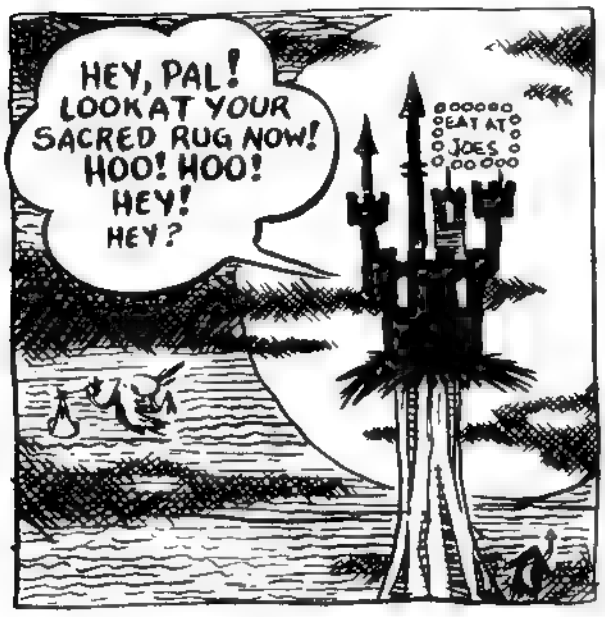
THERE YOU ARE, KAT! I LOST YOU ON THAT LAST...
HOO BOY!

GET THAT BEAR!!
MARSUPIAL!
BROS. SIERGEY

SUCH A DEAL! YOU TRAPPED IN THAT FINGER PUZZLE SO YOU CAN DO NO HARM, AND, BY NOW, MY HALFLINGS HAVE, NO DOUBT, SUBDUED YOUR PAL!

SO, I THINK I SHALL ENJOY THE PLEASURE OF YOUR PRECIOUS PRAYER RUG! YOU DON'T MIND IF I INDULGE IN FRONT OF YOU, DO YOU? HAH! AS IF YOU COULD DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
mmm
AAAA
mmm
BRO. SIERGEY


HMM, IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO METAPHYSICAL FORCE!


HEY, PAL! LOOK AT YOUR SACRED RUG NOW! HOO! HOO! HEY! HEY?
EAT AT JOES

WELL, WHATTA YA KNOW ABOUT THAT!? HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP!!
A NARCOLEPTIC NEPALESE !!!

OH WELL, BACK TO BLISSDOM!
SIERGEY

AT MANDU HAS PUT HIMSELF INTO A TELEKINETIC TRANCE, i.e., THE ABILITY TO MOVE OBJECTS THROUGH THE POWER OF HIS MIND!

AHHH, MY SWEET PET!

WHOOP! WHAT GOES ON?

TOSS

AGGH!

BROSSIERGEY

W-WHAT'S H-HAPPENING? I-I-I'M FREAKING OUT!

I MUST HAVE OVERDOSED ON RUGS!

YIYI YO

BAP

I'VE HEARD OF THROW RUGS, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

SIERGEY BROS.

HELP!

AAAAAAAUGH!

A LITTLE MORE TO THE LEFT... THAT'S IT! NOW... EASE UP A BIT...

SIERGEY BROS.

AH! A PERFECT TOOTH POINT LANDING!

CHOMP

NOW... BEGIN CHEWING!

MM-MM! MANDU, HIS MAGICAL MITTS MANACLED BY THE MINISCULE MERCENARIES OF THE MANIACAL RUG ADDICT, HAS MANAGED MOMENTARY MASTERY OF THE MYSTIFIED MAIN MAN'S MIND * (whew!)

KEEP ON CHEWIN'!

GRIND

GNAW

MUNCH

* IN POETRY CIRCLES, THIS IS KNOWN AS ALLOTERATION

FREE AT LAST

THAT'S A BIT DRAMATIC, ISN'T IT?

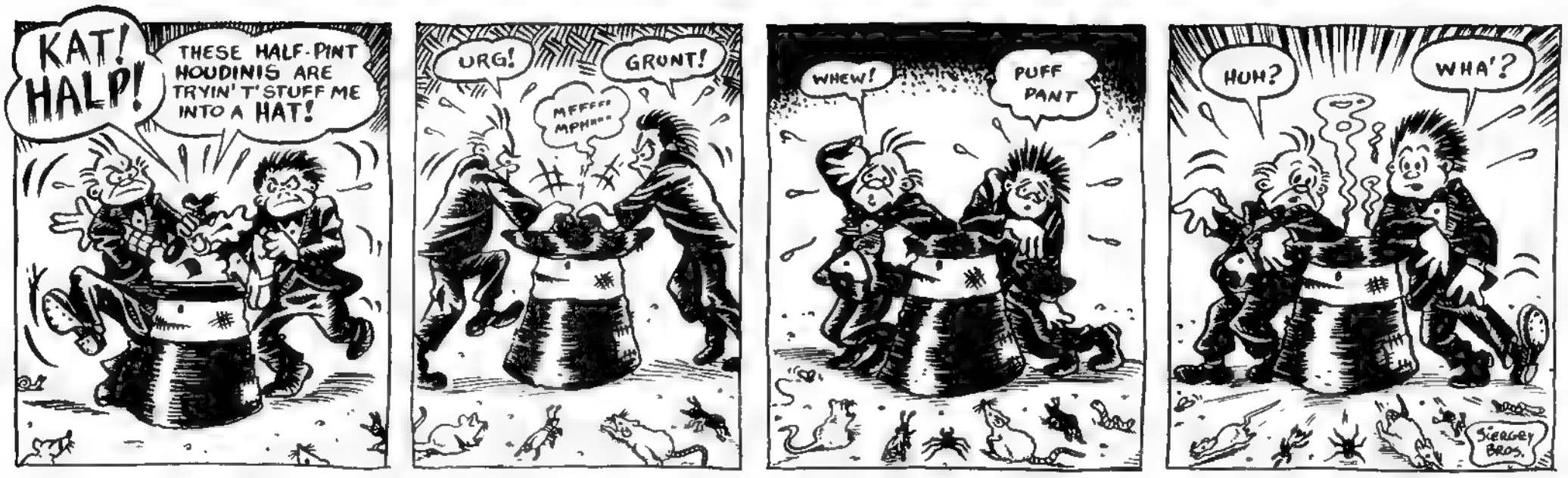
MR. RUG ADDICT, YOU ARE NOW TRULY WRAPPED UP IN YOUR HABIT!

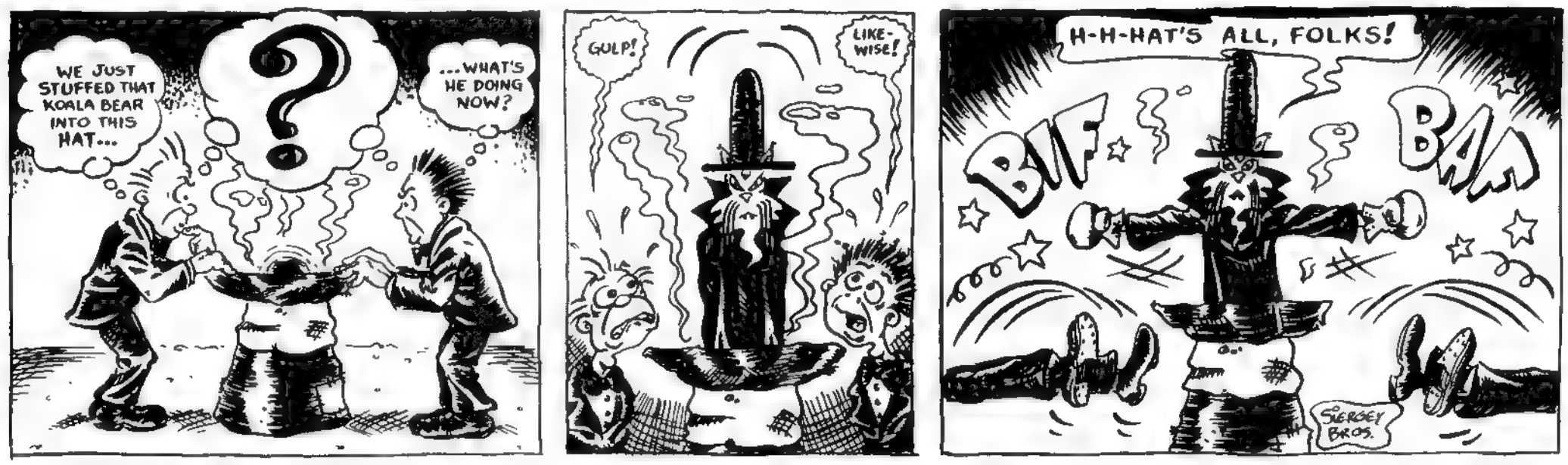
HUH?

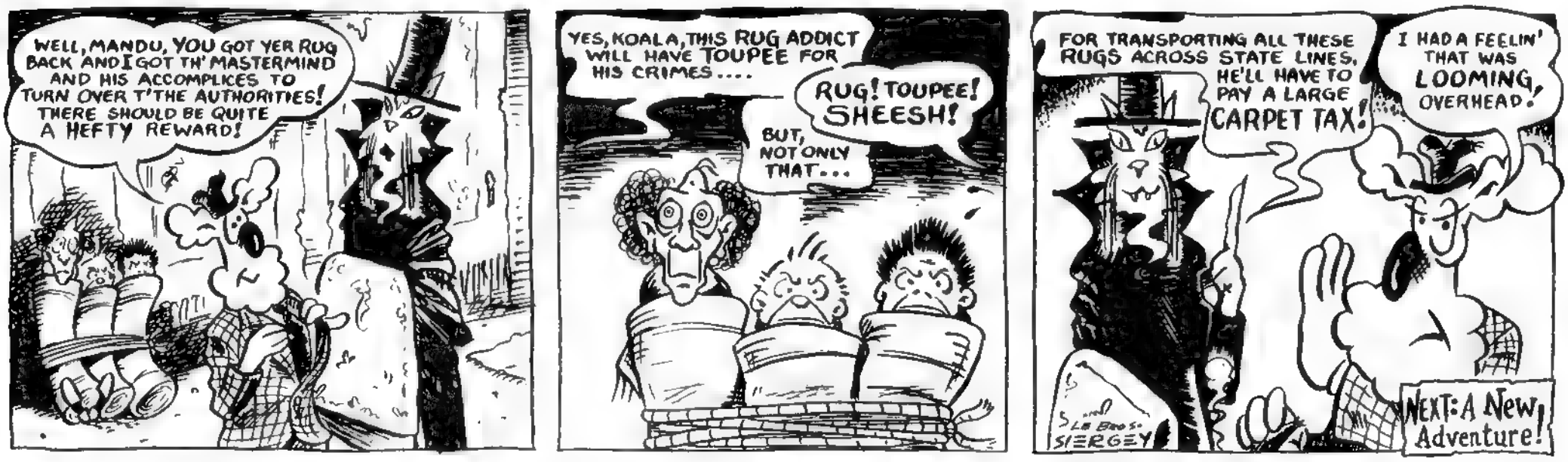
NOW TO SEE WHAT HAS BECOME OF KOALA AND HIS TWO PURSUERS!

HUH?

BROS. SIERGEY



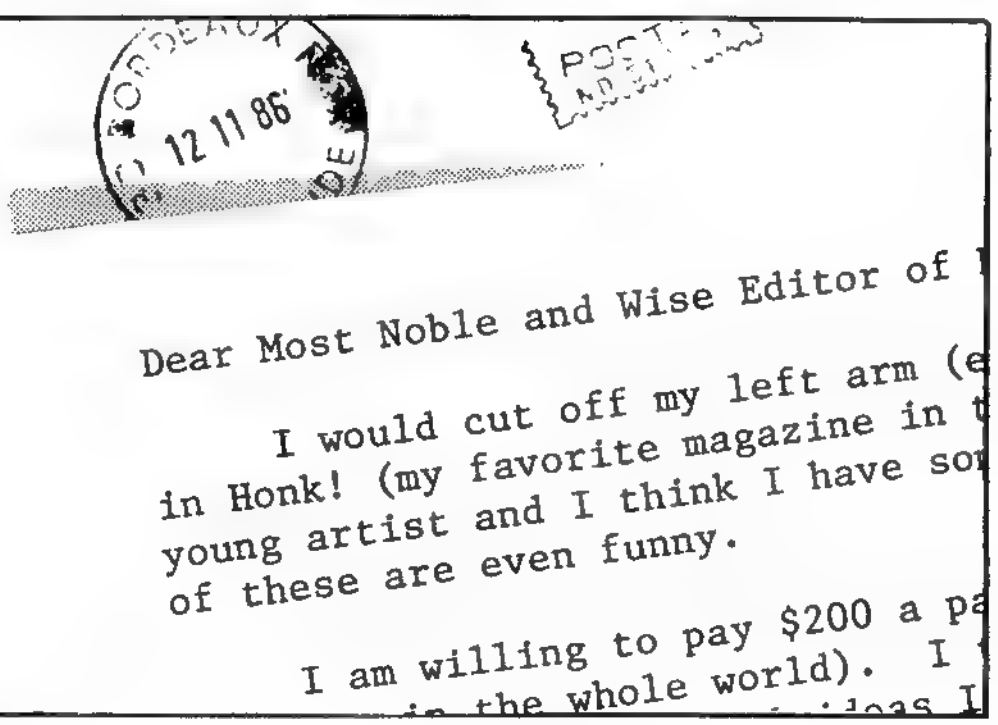



WELL, MANDU, YOU GOT YER RUG BACK AND I GOT TH' MASTERMIND AND HIS ACCOMPLICES TO TURN OVER T'THE AUTHORITIES! THERE SHOULD BE QUITE A HEFTY REWARD!
YES, KOALA, THIS RUG ADDICT WILL HAVE TOUPEE FOR HIS CRIMES....
RUG! TOUPEE! SHEESH!
BUT, NOT ONLY THAT...
FOR TRANSPORTING ALL THESE RUGS ACROSS STATE LINES, HE'LL HAVE TO PAY A LARGE CARPET TAX!
I HAD A FEELIN' THAT WAS LOOMING, OVERHEAD!
SIERGEY
NEXT: A New Adventure!

SO YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO SUBMIT ARTWORK TO HONK!

What it takes is an envelope and some stamps—and don't forget a self-addressed return envelope (with postage). Have you got that? Good! You'll also need a biting sense of humor, a healthy cynicism about everything except your own artistic integrity, and a willingness to work for peanuts and further line the pockets of the exploitative capitalist pigs who sit in their big chairs at Fantagraphics Books. Still want to submit artwork to *Honk!*?

Send it to: **HONK!**, 4359 Cornell Rd., Agoura, CA 91301


12 11 86
Dear Most Noble and Wise Editor of
I would cut off my left arm (e
in Honk! (my favorite magazine in t
young artist and I think I have so
of these are even funny.
I am willing to pay $200 a pa
the whole world). I

DAVID BOSWELL

By Joe Sacco

I sometimes feel a bit of embarrassment when I'm thinking about what I'm doing for a living," admits David Boswell, creator of *Reid Fleming—World's Toughest Milkman*, "because as one who doesn't read comics, my sympathies are with other people who don't read comics."

You get the impression that Boswell, whose main influences have come from outside the comics medium (*see sidebar*), would rather talk about cinema, his "first love," or classical music, which he says he might have pursued if he had to do it all over again. In fact, he told me, "I probably know less about comics and cartoonists than anybody you know, including your grandmother."

(While this might not be entirely true, Boswell illustrates his professed ignorance by relating a story about a party several years ago at which he was accused of "basically ripping off" Robert Crumb's hatching style. At the time, Boswell didn't know who Robert Crumb was, and almost got into a fight trying to make one fellow believe him.)

Boswell, who makes his home in Vancouver, B.C., with his wife, Kathi, and three children, simply doesn't have the time or inclination to keep up on the comics world (though he does enjoy Bob Burden's *Flaming Carrot* and the work of Harvey Pekar, Drew Friedman, and M.K. Brown). "I find when the day's over and I've finished my drawing, I'm not really interested in looking at more drawings no matter how good they are. I just want to have a real change."

Not that cartooning is somehow incidental to Boswell, whose hot-tempered, all but out-of-control Reid Fleming character—now delivering milk and mayhem on a regular basis, courtesy of Eclipse—has the biggest chip on his shoulder of any comics character around. In fact, Boswell would be among the first to point out—and demonstrate—that "you can do absolutely anything in a comic."

But it did take time for Boswell to settle on cartooning as his artistic niche. As a young boy he was "never much into cartooning, per se. I always drew and sketched around in the way 10- and 12-year-old boys do when they become aware they can make a commentary on cafeteria food by showing people throwing up—that level of wit." Boswell also recalls one summer he spent when he was 13 copying *Sad Sack* comics. "I really liked that," he says. "Then I forgot about cartooning for years."

And he didn't shed tears when his collection of Superman comics simply disappeared, circa 1965. "I didn't really regret it," he says. "It suddenly became very boring to me."

What had begun to interest Boswell in the uninspiring surroundings of his hometown, London, Ontario (—the "archetypal Canadian city. . . . It's always 1959 there"—) was movies, particularly the old silents. "It was the way they looked," Boswell says. "I'll never forget that moment when I became aware of tonality as an ingredient in artistic creations." In comparing a movie still from the 1931 *Dracula* starring Bela Lugosi with one from the Christopher Lee remake in 1958, Boswell noted "the more recent one just looked like a photograph of actors with make-up on—too much lighting and too crisp. And I immediately had a preference for the older one. I began to seek out movies and photos of that vintage, and, as I explored further and further, I found they tended to do things a little more thoroughly and a little more artistically back then."

After devouring the early horror movies, Boswell drenched himself in the comedies of the same period. "I became a Marx Brothers and W.C. Fields fan with a capital F," he says. "I'd go through library books and search the index to find Marx, Marx, Marx, Fields, Fields, Fields."

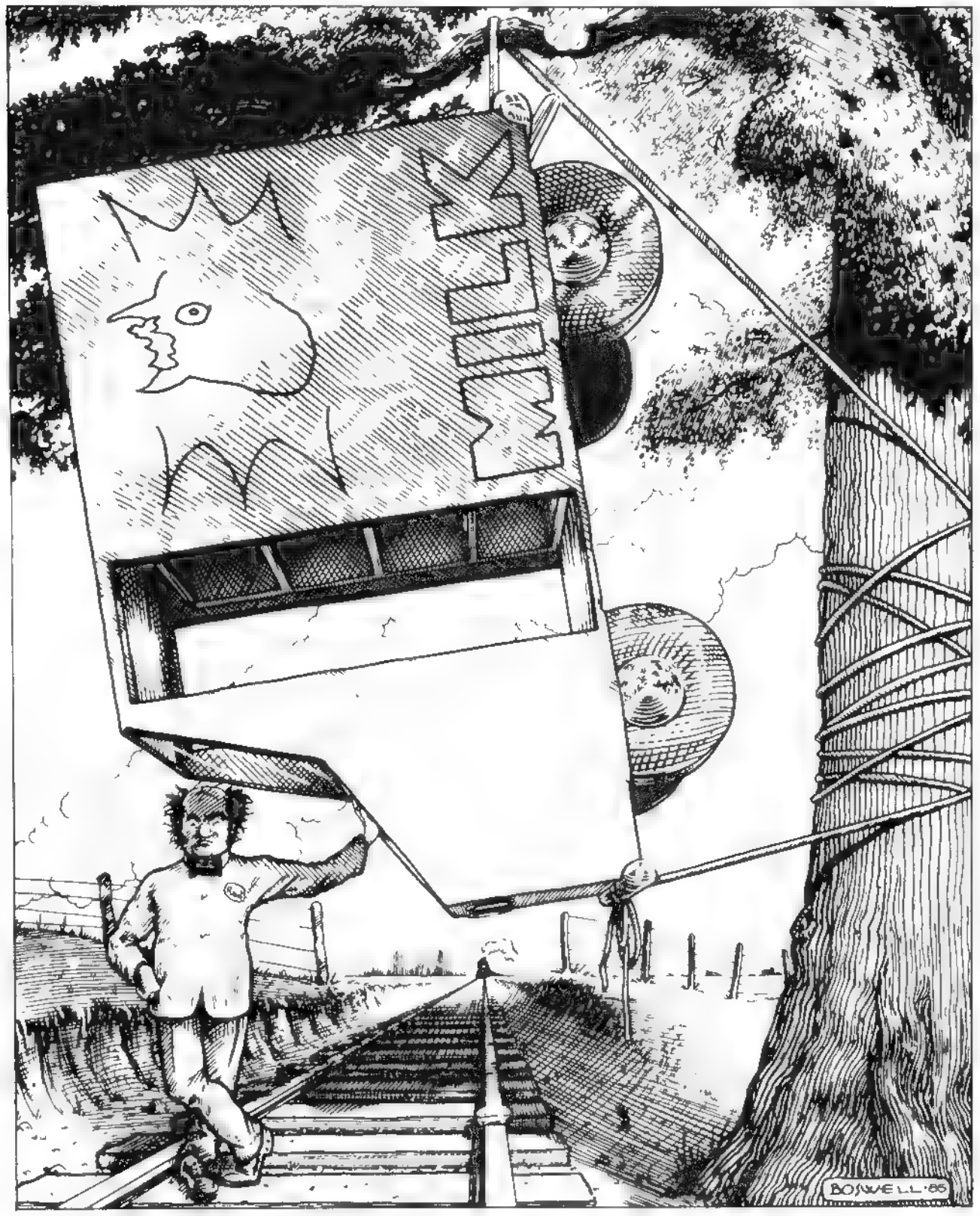
Inevitably, Boswell began experimenting with his own home-made films, even producing a version of *Robin Hood* at age 16. (In his adaptation, the arrow Robin shoots to cut the ropes that bind Friar Tuck ends up in the good Friar's belly instead.)

After high school—and following a brief flirtation with the idea of becoming a detective because it was "outside the norm"—Boswell ended up at an art school, and eventually in a film program. "I guess all I wanted to do there was use the facilities to make a film,"

David Boswell enjoying the company of his son Alexander. Boswell, his wife, Kathi, and their three children live in Vancouver, B.C.

DAVID BOSWELL

THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN OF MILK



Boswell says, and this he managed in fine style, nabbing sixth place in the student category for a silent, farcical film at the Long Island International Film Festival in 1974.

But a career in films wasn't in the cards for Boswell. After leaving college, he rejected the typical procedure of applying to the Canadian Broadcasting Company for a job as an assistant film editor, "which in reality meant you would drive a truck for a couple of years." Besides, "who wants to work for the CBC and spend 20, 30 years, maybe, working your way to the top? And then what do you do at the CBC anyway? I mean, 95 percent of the stuff they crank out is just crap."

He did try—though unsuccessfully—to have his film aired on a CBC show called *Sprockets,* which featured experimental movies of people "wrapping themselves in 40 yards of cloth and rolling around on the floor while Stockhausen plays in the background." He also went to Toronto to apply at film studios for a directing job. "It was an incredibly stupid thing to do," he admits with a laugh, "but I figured I'd start at the top. I couldn't get past the front door and the secretary nine times out of ten. So I said, 'Ah, to hell with it!'

"If I'd been ambitious, I would have been discouraged," he adds. "I was never ambitious. I just wanted to support myself without doing anything too demeaning."

Reid Fleming shows his milk truck who's boss in a commissioned illustration which was later used as a poster.

ALL ART PAGES 24-32 © DAVID BOSWELL

And so Boswell continued the string of odd jobs that had helped him through school and would provide some of the inspiration for *Reid Fleming*.

The first of these was a job installing cable television. "You'd go into a person's home or their hospital room, and you'd talk to them and see how they lived for five, ten, or 15 minutes. Sometimes they'd give you drinks. Sometimes they'd be real jerks. Sometimes the women would let their tops fall open. You got a real nice cross section of society. So I think that's a lot of Reid Fleming. (In fact, Reid's going to lose his milkman job in [an upcoming] book—just for a while. He's going to come back as a cable installer.)"

I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU, SIR.
YOU KNOW,—US BALD GUYS GOTTA STICK TOGETHER!
HE'S LYING! HE'S GOT HIS FINGERS CROSSED!
REID! IS THIS TRUE? DID YOU LIE?
YES, SIR, I DID I—I—
I'M NOT BALD— I GET MY HAIR CUT THIS WAY.

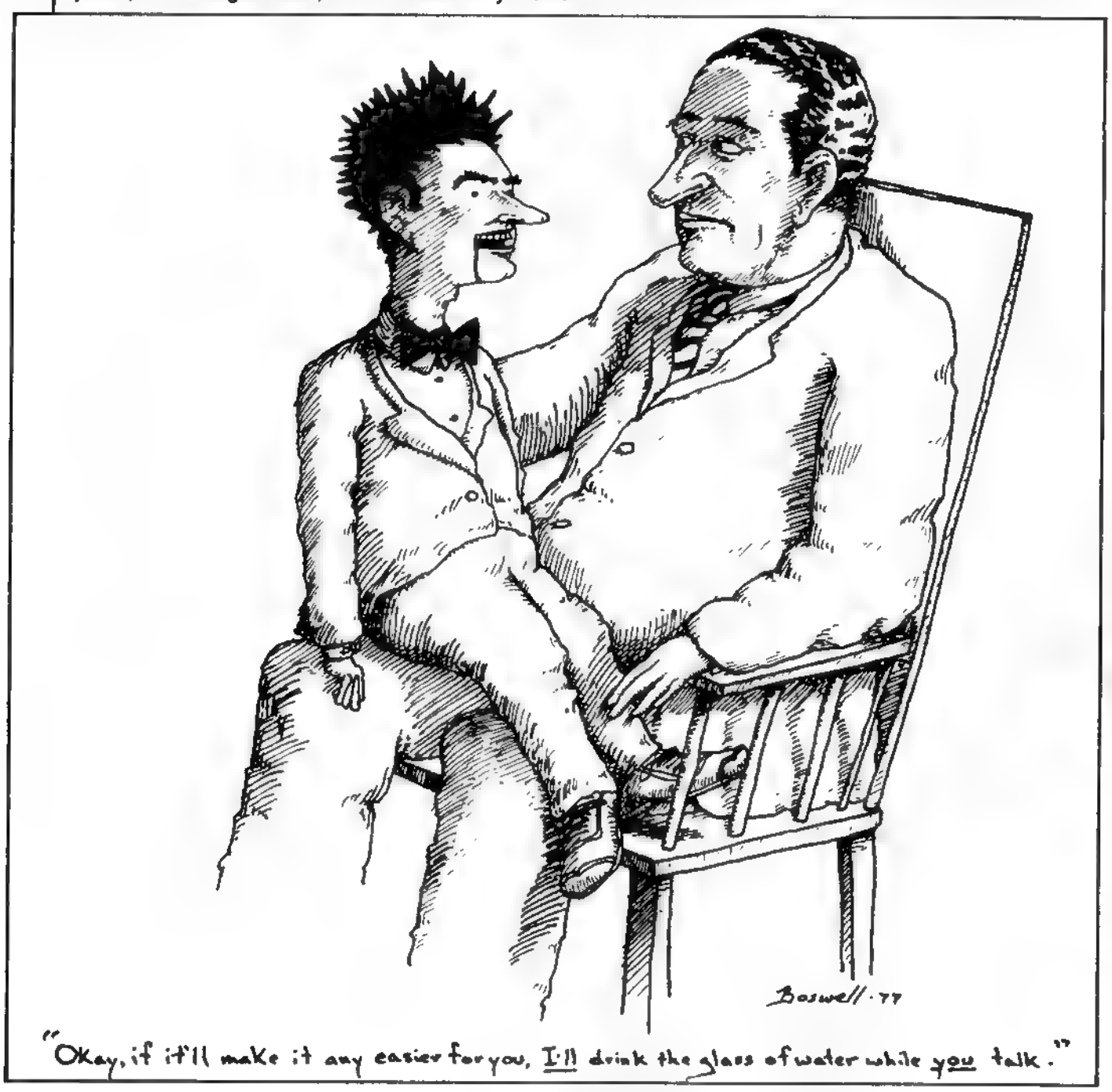
Above left: **Reid Fleming in characteristic pose, with characteristic attitude.** ***Above:*** **"I'm not bald—I get my hair *cut* this way" is a line that used to be uttered by Darryl, a friend from Boswell's days in Toronto.**

Delivering pizzas gave Boswell more opportunities to meet customers in their homes. "One time I went to a delivery at about two in the morning. The house was pitch dark, and I thought nobody was home. A woman answered with a negligee on. She was blond and really attractive. She asked, 'What time are you finished?' I said, 'About an hour or so.' I didn't know what to do. Then I looked down, and I just about died. She had *really* thick ankles. I cannot abide thick ankles. So I went home instead of to her place."

Boswell found further inspiration at the $29-a-week dive he rented in downtown Toronto, which would be condemned a month after he left. "It was a really good place to get material," he says. "I met a lot of interesting people. They all went crazy or committed suicide. . . . It was really scummy. Nobody (there) you'd call normal.

"The guy who lived in the basement furnished a lot of the stuff for *Reid Fleming*. . . . His name was Darryl, and he was doing time on the weekends for armed robbery. When I first met Darryl I thought he was going to kill me. People in the house tended to meet in the basement apartment, which was Darryl's, but we never saw Darryl. He was always in jail or some place else. I felt after a while it was just like a common room you'd drop into." But one day, when Boswell dropped in looking for a fellow tenant, he found Darryl. "He turned around and said, 'I don't know who the fuck you are, but you get out of this room this second or I'm going to blow your head off.'"

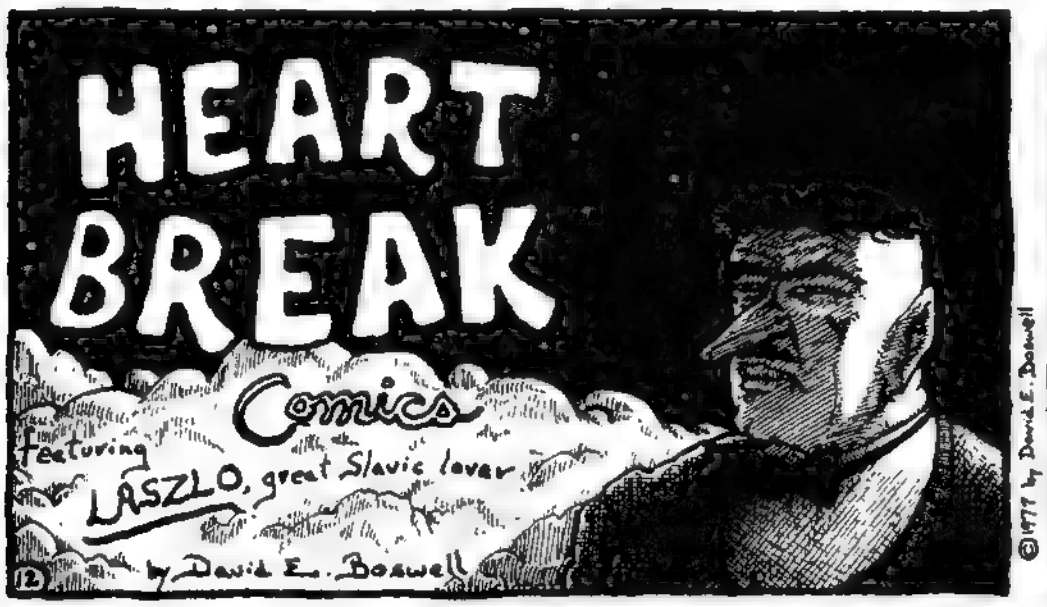
One of Boswell's early gag cartoon efforts, drawn in 1977. It was rejected by *Playboy*, *National Lampoon*, the *Village Voice*, and the *Saturday Review*.

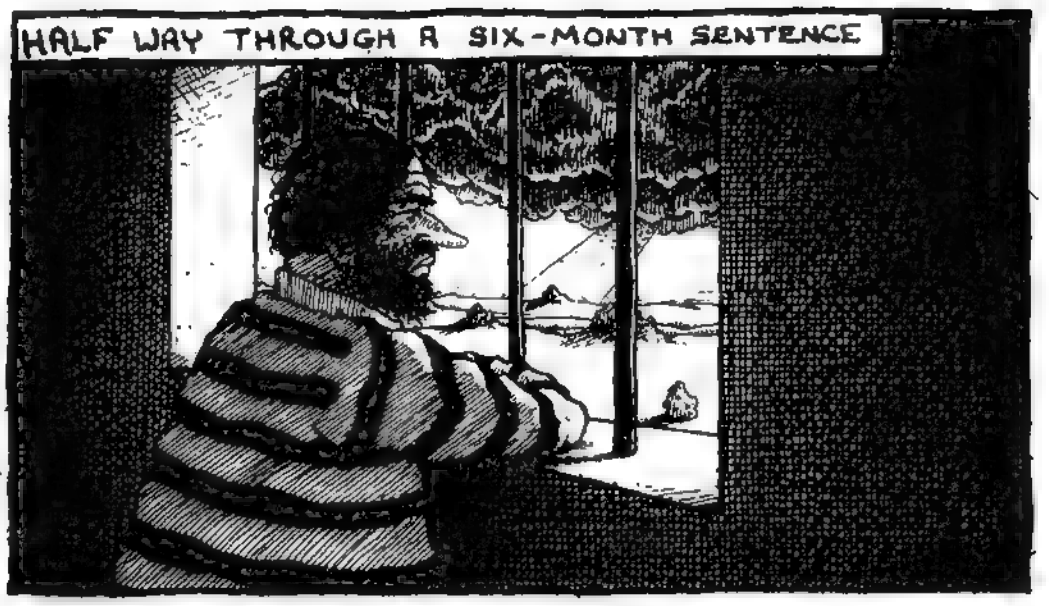


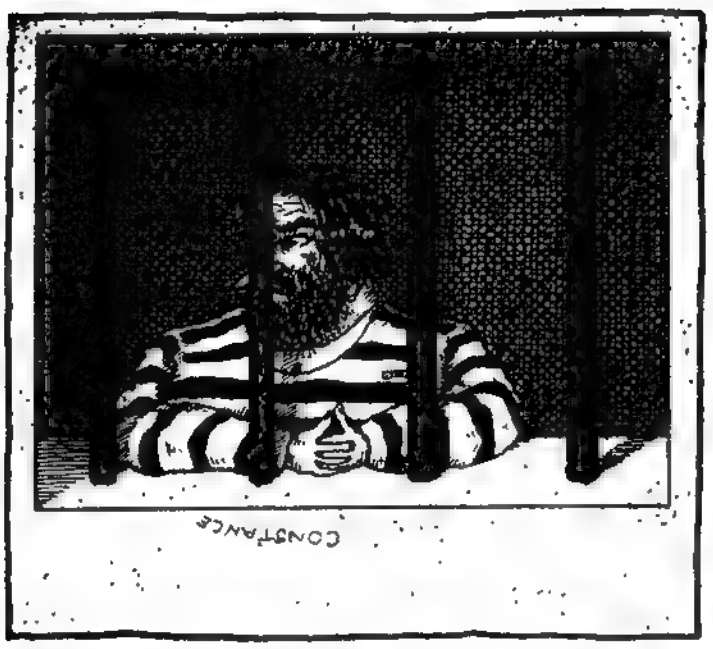
A phony ad by Boswell, circa 1983.

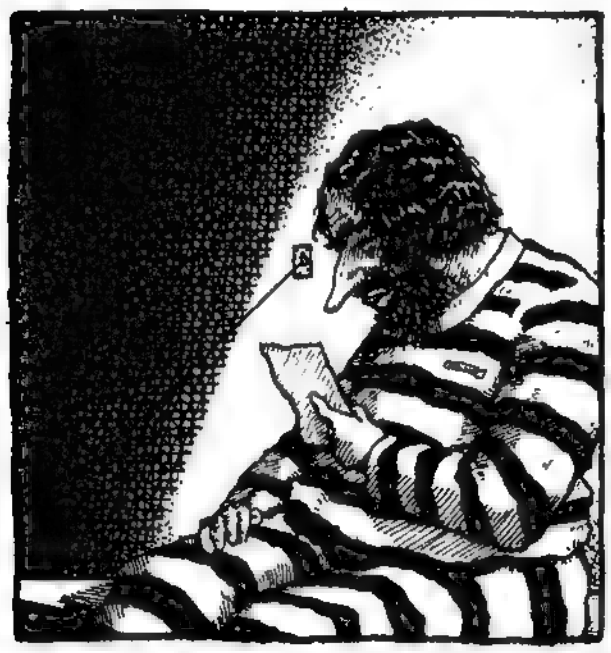
THEY TELL ME YOU'VE STOPPED RUNNING ABOUT WITH THAT ACTRESS
WHY, YES, I—
HA! HA! LIAR!!
PROBOSCO-PROBE®
MIRACLE TRUTH SERUM
POUR THIS AMAZING POTION INTO THE DRINKS AND ROAR WITH LAUGHTER AS NOSES GROW 6-8 INCHES WITH EVERY LIE!
COLOURLESS! FLAVOURLESS! SAFE!
TRY IT IN • A WEDDING PUNCH BOWL! • THE OFFICE WATER COOLER! • THE TEA CADDY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE!
EFFECTS LAST 3 HOURS
YES! SEND ME ___ VIALS OF PROBOSCO-PROBE® @ 99¢ EACH.
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
PROV
I AM OVER 21
PROBOSCO-PROBE®
THE NOSE KNOWS!

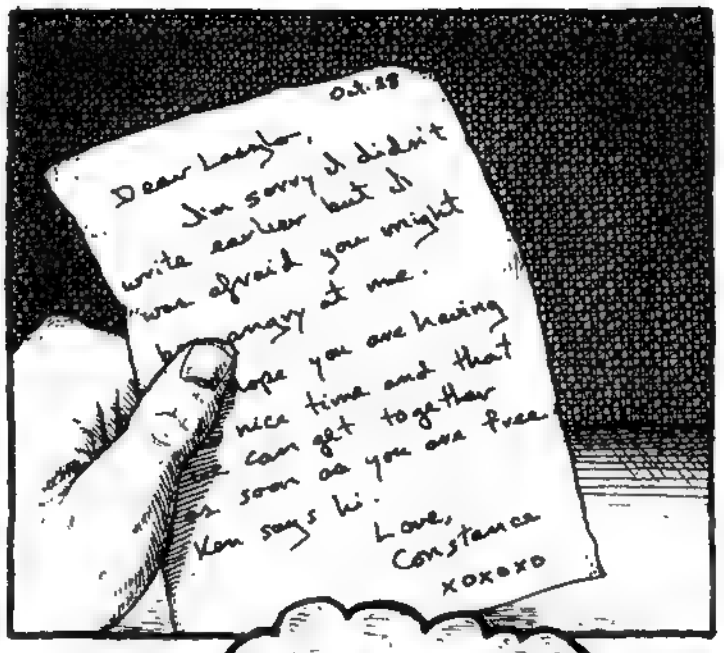
One of the original Heart Break Comics from the pages of the *Georgia Straight*, 1977.










Oct. 28
Dear Laszlo,
I'm sorry I didn't write earlier but I was afraid you might be angry at me.
I hope you are having a nice time and that we can get together as soon as you are free.
Ken says hi.
Love,
Constance
xoxoxo

It was an inauspicious first meeting, but Darryl, amused by the patchy comic strips and panel cartoons Boswell was beginning to experiment with, became Boswell's hard and fast friend. They spent time together firing blanks at people on the street for laughs and, in one case, keeping a would-be rock star rehearsing all night while they pretended to be big-time record executives with a spare contract.

With a host of tragic family and relationship problems, Darryl finally cracked in the spring of 1977, trashed his room, and took off with a stolen U-Haul trailer to eastern Canada. "It's been ten years now since I heard anything [about him]," Boswell laments. "He could have gone straight, but he had so many strikes against him that summer. I used to stay up all night and try to talk him into another way of thinking."

Meanwhile, Boswell had begun sending his cartoons around with the encouragement of a friend. "I was always informed by people in the business that no magazine ever bought cartoons the first time out from an unknown person," he says. So Boswell "played the game," hitting slick, top-of-the-line publications with more submissions after each rejection. And he began enclosing a full page of something he called Heart Break Comics to go with his single-panel submissions. The *Georgia Straight*, an underground paper based in Vancouver, B.C., bought the page and asked for more. "So I thought, forget single-panel drawings. I'll just do Heart Break," he says. "I began to do that on a weekly basis, for $20 a week."

The character Boswell featured in Heart Break was Laszlo, a "Slavic lover" in the tradition of the Eric Rhode character in Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers' movies, who was always "spouting some malapropism. [He was] the stereotype of the foreign lover." Boswell admits that Heart Break Comics is "in a lot of ways the fruit of my experience with a certain woman that went on for years and years and years. And the keynote of that relationship was frustration. The same with Laszlo. Things always fall just a bit short of making sense to him."

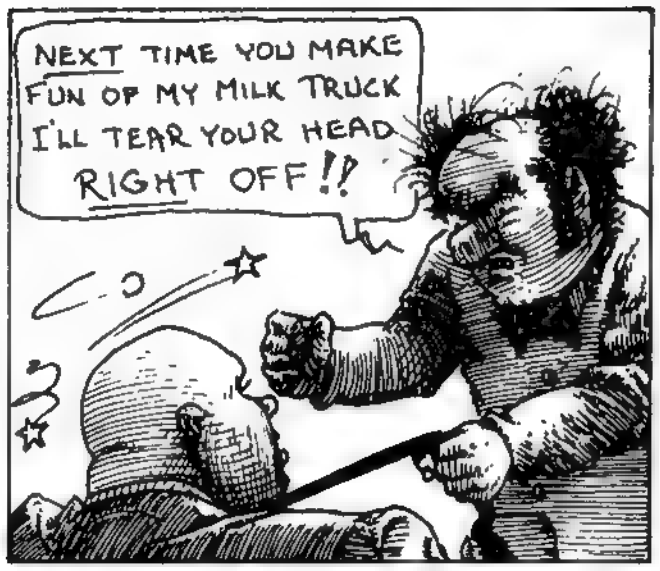
After drawing the weekly strip for two or three months, Boswell became disheartened because he wasn't making much of a living for his efforts. "And, moreover, I was only getting paid once a month, and even then the check would come late. I was getting deeper in debt." So Boswell wrote to his liaison at the *Georgia Straight*, the advertising manager Vents Baumanis, to say he couldn't continue and had set up an interview for a darkroom job. (Photography was another of Boswell's interests.) Vents, who, like Laszlo, was of Slavic descent, called Boswell to say a check was in the mail. "'Don't get that job—it will destroy your mind,' Vents told me. I believed him," says Boswell. "I didn't go to the interview. I kept on drawing the comics and the check still didn't come. I was so far involved with it that I couldn't really get out.

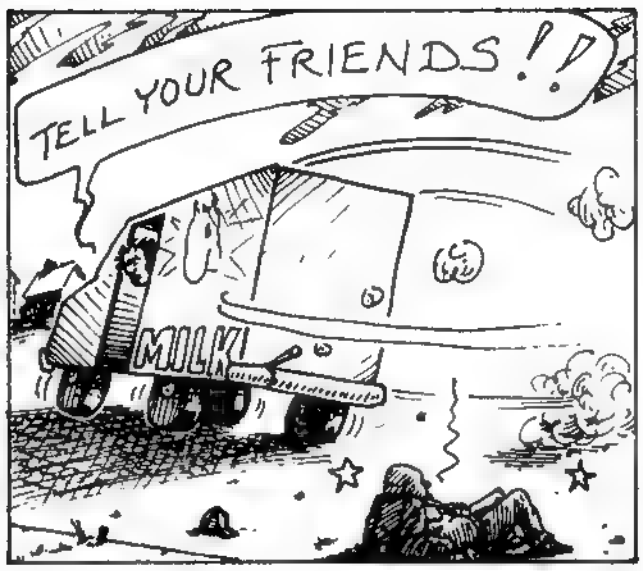
"So finally Vents said, 'You can come and work in Vancouver at the paper.'" The staff position seemed like a godsend to Boswell. His parents bought him a plane ticket to Vancouver, and the day of his flight he called the *Georgia Straight* to let Vents know when he would be arriving. He found out Vents no longer worked for the paper, and, ironically, that Vents was leaving for Toronto—from which Boswell was departing—that same day. And, to his dismay, Boswell realized that Vents had offered him a job under no one's authority but his own.

Despite this news, Boswell flew to Vancouver. "I got out there to find the paper to be in bad shape, financially. Luckily, the new editor was quite agreeable to keeping the comic running." He assigned a short-lived humor column to Boswell, and Boswell did freelance darkroom work and photography to further supplement his income.

Reid Fleming was unleashed upon the world in the pages of the *Georgia Straight* for the first time in June 1978. Boswell had only intended for Reid to be a one-shot character, as a break from the con-

Above: **In his tenure as a photographer with the *Georgia Straight*, Boswell (left) had the opportunity to meet a celebrity here and there. Ginger Rogers is also flanked by *Straight* editor Bob Mercer. *Below:* From the first *Reid Fleming* comic.**





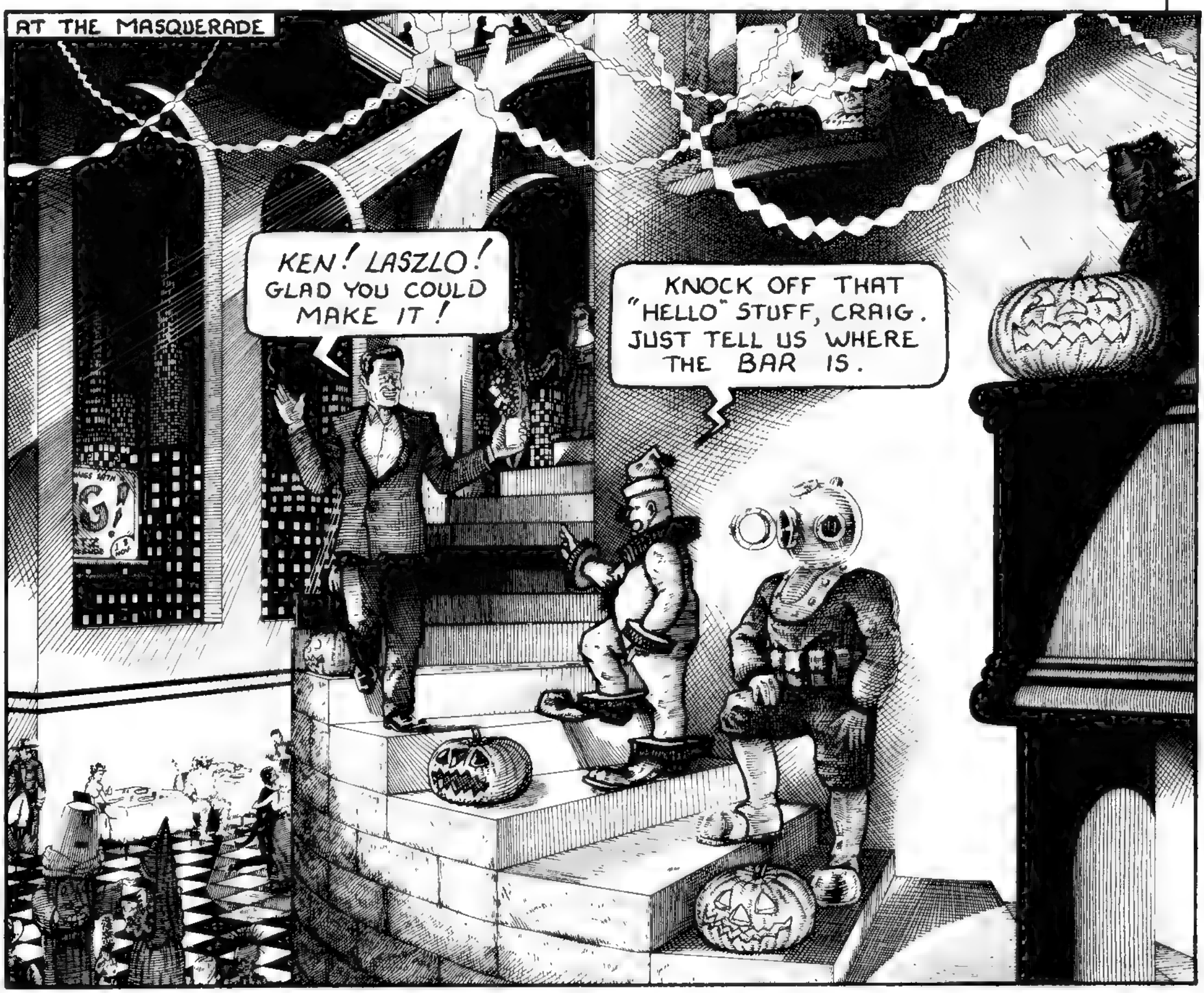
tinuing Heart Break strips. "I had Reid in my sketchbook when I came out to Vancouver, but nobody had seen it, and it was only meant to be a one-off anyway."

That first page (redrawn for *Reid Fleming* #1) has the Man of Milk beating up someone for making fun of his milk truck, pounding down a bottle of rye as he zooms off, pouring milk into a customer's goldfish tank, and then threatening, "Seventy-eight cents or I piss on your flowers!" Says Boswell of that page: "It's the cornerstone of the entire Reid Fleming personality. It's been tough to continue in some respects because everything is summed up in that one page."

Boswell went back to doing Heart Break for the rest of the summer, but he received numerous letters demanding Reid's return. "Heart Break was the kind of comic you would savor while smiling to yourself. But people tended to laugh out loud at Reid Fleming. It was a whole different response.

"I think one reason many people like Reid is that most of us at one time have had a ser-

Above: **The manic Reid Fleming from the second *Reid* comic.** ***Below:*** **An example of Boswell's superb draftsmanship and shading from *Heart Break Comics*.**



vice job, whether waiting on tables or delivering pizza, and one can relate to that. . . . That kind of a job gets tiresome after a while, and inevitably one wonders how it would be to shove that pizza in the guy's face. So Reid's just like you or me, only braver. Or stupider. Or both."

Boswell is the first to admit that Reid Fleming doesn't have the sort of depth Laszlo has. "Reid is more of a surface character," he says. "I think his entire personality should be evident in his actions. I don't want to explain him too much. I just want him to be. . . I think it weakens the character if you have to say, 'Well, he's like this because his mother beat up on him when he was a small boy, and his father was cold.' That kind of stuff I find superfluous and a bit tedious as well."

Boswell has managed to add flavor to Reid Fleming, which replaced Heart Break Comics in the pages of the *Georgia Straight* from the late summer of '78 to February of '79, with a host of foils for Reid. These include Mr. Crabbe, Reid's supervisor and constant nemesis; Mr. O'Clock, president of Milk, Inc., who's getting "more and more senile all the time, helped along by Mr. Crabbe, who is putting something in his private supply of milk"; Cooper, a.k.a. Captain Coffee, Reid's coworker, who "fits in as well as a narcoleptic personality can fit into any situation"; and Lena, Reid's wife, who punches just as well as he does. And just when Reid's angry antics threaten to get out of hand, he takes a break by watching the dead-serene adventures of Ivan, his comatose television hero. "It's a quiet place in Reid's day," Boswell explains. And quiet it is indeed, for Reid stops whatever he is doing to see if Ivan will come out of his six-year coma. "If Reid didn't have cause to hope. . . he wouldn't bother," says Boswell. "But he's so dedicated and so full of faith. And it's true! One day Ivan does regain consciousness, albeit for only 30 seconds or so. Then he dies."

After enjoying Reid Fleming's popularity, Boswell decided to tie up the loose ends with Laszlo by producing a Heart Break comic book. He secured a leave of absence from the *Georgia Straight* and moved to his parents' home in Dundas for four months of artistic solitude. "I realized quickly that I'd bitten off much more than I could chew. . . . I got maybe a quarter of the book done in that time, and I came back to the paper to find out, 'Hey! Surprise! There's no job for you any more!'"

While Boswell was away, the *Georgia Straight* had metamorphosed into a family-oriented paper running syndicated Mickey Mouse strips, and there was no longer room for the manic humor of Reid Fleming. "There I was, high and dry in the summer of '79, with no job. I thought the only way to bounce back was to do a *Reid Fleming* comic book." Boswell moved into cheap student housing with his future wife and spent the next 10 months reworking and expanding upon his *Georgia Straight* Reid strips.

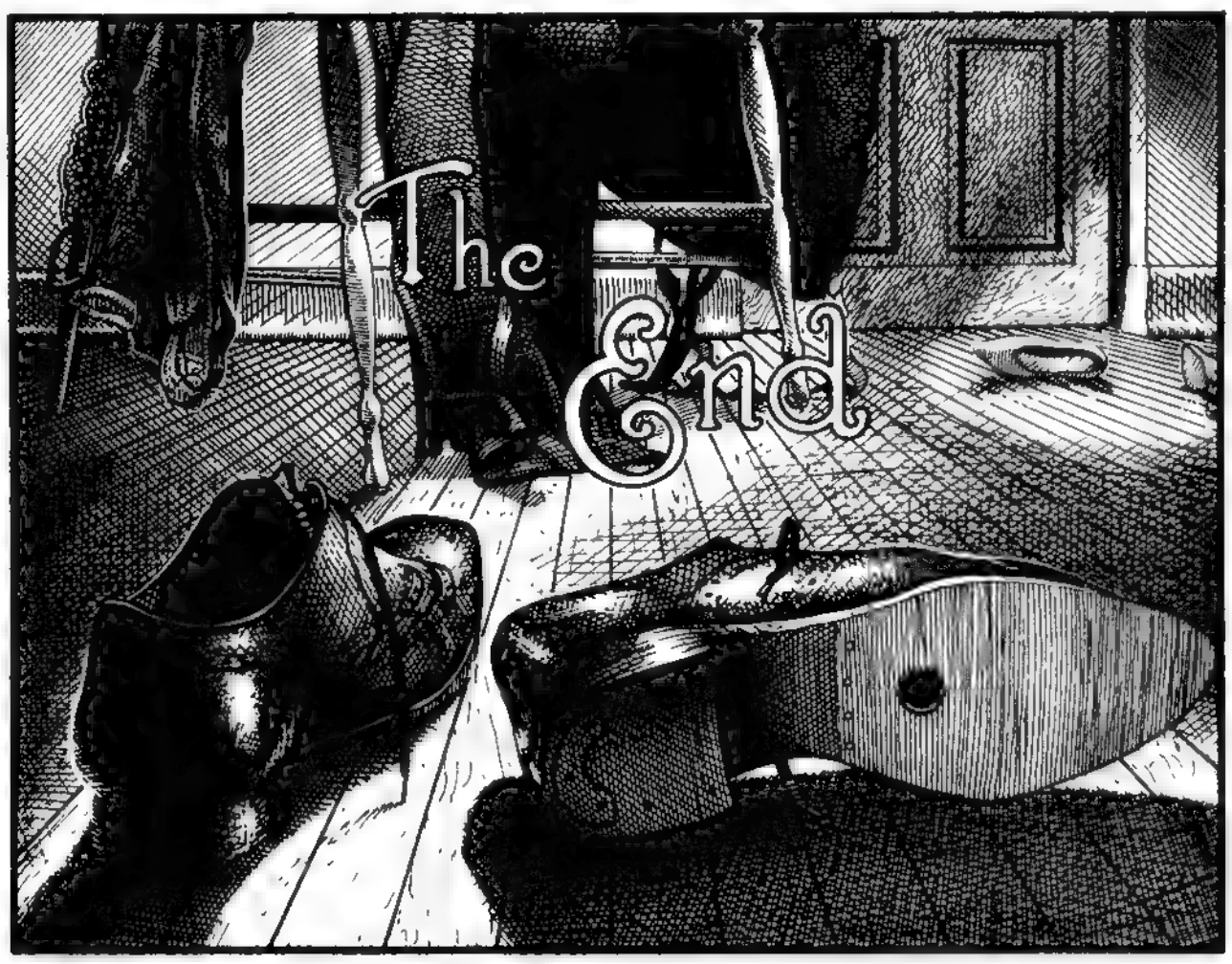
In 1980, he self-published 10,000 copies of *Reid Fleming—World's Toughest Milkman,* using $3,000 in inheritance money. "And *then* I began to look for distribution. I didn't know a thing. I didn't know the names of any distributors. And I managed, by talking to people who had some contacts, to find out to whom I should send books. It was a very slow and painful process. . . . Last Gasp picked up a couple of thousand copies right away. Within six months I'd broken even on the book and the rest was all gravy. It did sell out eventually."

Boswell next decided to complete his Heart Break Comics project. He wanted a more sophisticated look than his *Reid Fleming* work, and he honed his skills with numerous test drawings. The artwork, on which Boswell pulled out all the stops and spent three and a half years, is superbly atmospheric, with painstaking shading. "If you look at my technique, you can see that it's in many ways a modification of the wood-cutting technique used by engravers of the 19th century, with the fine parallel lines," Boswell explains. "It's not as quick as using Zipatone or something like that. That stuff looks so mechanical and dead that. . . I don't see the tone. I just see the time saved. You get a kind of control and a subtlety of variation in tone with a few strokes of the pen that you can't get with Zipatone."

Heart Break Comics' story-line, about a love triangle involving Laszlo, his partner Ken, and their secretary Constance (with Reid Fleming thrown into the plot for good measure), has a texture as developed as its accompanying artwork. "I think if you just want to read the book very quickly, it's got a fast-moving story that has a good line through it. But you can go back, I think, and find other ways of looking at the same material," he said. "And I really appreciate that quality in other work, if I can find it."

Heart Break Comics, which Boswell self-

Scenes from *Heart Break Comics:* Reid's strength, Ken's flatulence, and the hole in Laszlo's sole.

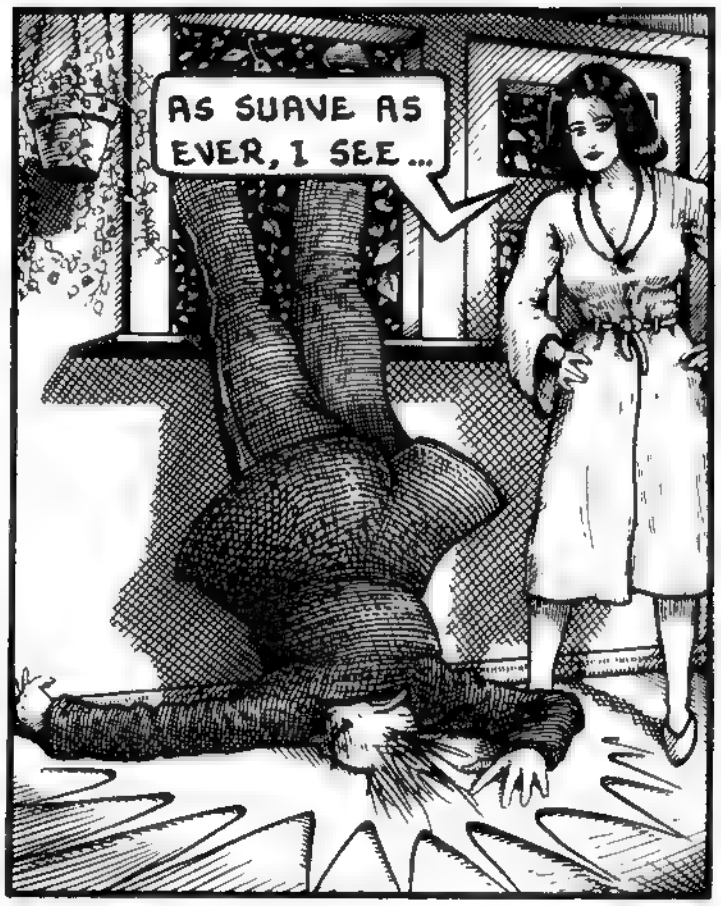


published in 1984 with Last Gasp's help, employs a number of recurring motifs and images that provide a thread through the story. One example is Laszlo's shoes, which appear on the first and last pages and throughout the book as a symbol of his "de-feet." "They seem to reinforce all the bad things that happen to Laszlo," Boswell explains. "They drop on his head. He loses one shoe and it's returned by his rival. And, ultimately, he ends up with a hole in his sole [page 41], which is a very good parallel to his own spiritual condition. It's reflective of his none-too-positive attitude towards women. He thinks he likes them, but the way he treats them is just despicable."

Boswell also utilizes dream imagery to emphasize certain points and provide a "weird sort of synchronicity" in which "a certain characteristic can manifest itself at the same time, in different places." When Laszlo dreams he is searching underwater for the object of his infatuation, Constance, Ken cuts off Laszlo's air supply and hooks Constance, in mermaid form, from the water for himself. In the following panels, the same elements repeat themselves in a jumbled way: Ken cuts off Constance's air supply with his flatulence, and Constance, who escapes into the street, is enticed back to water—albeit drinking water—by Mr. Don, the wooden barber. "I'm not trying to do a comic in [psychological] terms," Boswell points out, "but I always like to have that psychological underpinning."

Although Boswell himself feels *Heart Break Comics* is the "better book . . . a real labor of love," he recognizes that *Reid Fleming* is the "real fave, obviously the more commercial of the two."

Though Boswell might resurrect Laszlo in a future *Reid Fleming* comic, he thinks a continuing *Heart Break Comics* series would be "really pointless. . . . I think the story is so wrapped up, so resolved, that to carry it on any further would be ridiculous. It would be



Above: **Laszlo, the Slavic lover, from *Heart Break Comics*. *Below:* A mini-biography by Boswell, whose "first love" was movies.**

CINEMA CONFIDENTIAL
IGOR STRAVINSKY WAS A WELL-KNOWN COMPOSER OF BALLETS AND SMALL INSTRUMENTAL WORKS WHEN HE VISITED HOLLYWOOD IN 1930, TRYING TO SELL THE FILM RIGHTS TO HIS D-MAJOR VIOLIN CONCERTO. WHILE ATTENDING A BASEBALL GAME THAT SUMMER HE WAS SPOTTED BY CARL LAEMMLE OF UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, WHO FELT THAT STRAVINSKY WOULD BE IDEAL FOR A ROLE IN A MOVIE THEN IN THE CASTING STAGE. HAVING HAD NO INTEREST SHOWN IN HIS CONCERTO BY ANYONE AT ALL, AND BEING SHORT OF MONEY, STRAVINSKY RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO A SCREEN TEST AT THE STUDIO THE FOLLOWING MORNING. ALTHOUGH STRAVINSKY TRIED HARD, THE TEST FAILED TO SATISFY DIRECTOR JAMES WHALE, WHO FELT THAT STRAVINSKY, DESPITE HAVING A NAME THAT WOULD "LOOK GOOD ON A MARQUEE", WAS TOTALLY INEPT AS AN ACTOR. UNCERTAIN OF HIS FUTURE SUCCESS IN MUSIC, THE CRESTFALLEN COMPOSER RETURNED TO RUSSIA; HIS PART WAS TAKEN BY AN ENGLISH AT THE STUDIO, BORIS KARLOFF, WHO WAS SOON ACTOR NAMED CAUSE OF HIS SUCCESS IN FAMOUS BE- THE NAME OF THE FILM: THE ROLE. FRANKENSTEIN (1931)
BOSWELL 85

INFLUENCES & FAVORITES

While David Boswell hasn't found much in comics that has been important in his development as a cartoonist, he does admire Winsor McCay, who created *Little Nemo* and produced some of the earliest animated films.

Movies and music have had more of a direct impact on Boswell. Josef von Sternberg ranks as Boswell's favorite director because his work represents the "pinnacle of black and white cinematography. There's also a wonderful, subtle sense of humor operating as a counterpoint to the alleged plot or story. [He thought] the best idea for a film is an anecdote, as opposed to a story with a beginning, a middle, and an end." Boswell's work relates to Von Sternberg in that the "scenes tend to be short, but interlock. You always know where you are in the narrative."

Boswell also admires the best films of Buster Keaton, especially the shorts of the early '20s. "There's been nothing funnier since, in screen comedy, or, needless to add, TV. Period."

In music, Boswell admires the French composer Hector Berlioz, whose music, dating from the 19th century, "never grows stale. . . . His structures are very compact. There's such a precision in Berlioz. I've always found [his work] a model for constructing my own stories."

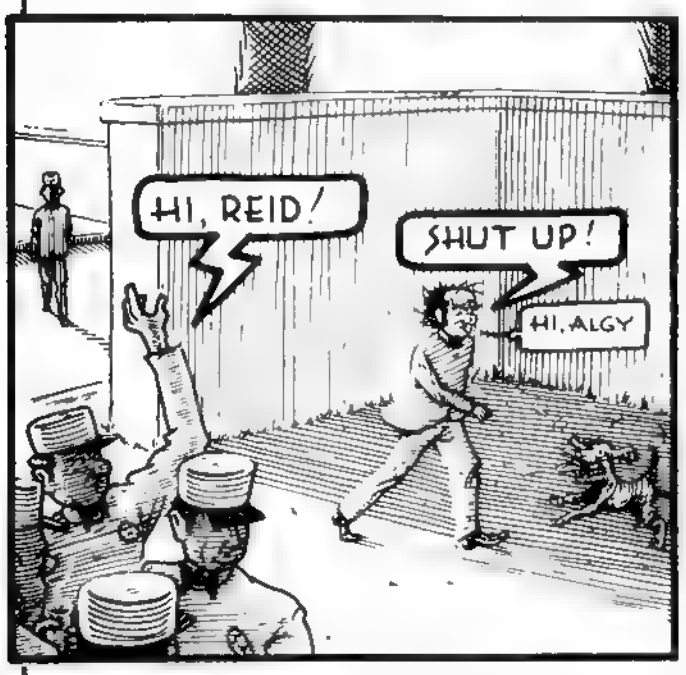
Jan Vermeer, the 17th century Dutchman, is Boswell's favorite fine artist because he "seems to have caught moments when nature is holding her breath. There's a tranquility and a stillness which is yet alive. On a technical level, the transparency of tone and color and that quality of light he captures is very striking to me."

Robert Benchley "still puts me on the floor," says Boswell. "He's the one who said, 'You can divide the world into two kinds of people: those who divide the world into two kinds of people, and those who do not."

Other names in his pantheon would, at various times, include such diverse luminaries as Gustave Dore, Laurel and Hardy, Maurice Barrymore, and C.G. Jung.

like bringing Frankenstein's monster back from his watery grave. You can do it, but . . . it might just diminish one's pleasant memories of that first issue."

Boswell began working on a second *Reid Fleming* comic immediately upon the publication of *Heart Break Comics.* A year and a half later, he met with publishers Cat Yronwode and Dean Mullaney of Eclipse at the 1986 Victoria International Cartoon Festival, and they signed him up to do a continuing *Reid* comic book.



"I'm committed to doing *Reid* for at least two years for Eclipse, and possibly as long as five. I intend to keep on turning it out three times a year," he says. "I guess I could conceivably crank out *Reid* every two months leaving time for nothing else, not even supper. But I don't want to be sweating it out every second . . . . I like to have time to think about the work before I do it. What you don't see is often the most important part.

"At times I get kind of nervous when I realize I've been sitting there staring at a blank piece of drawing board for an hour. And none of that mental activity is yet on the page. But you've got to do that to turn out anything of lasting value. If it's just arbitrary, then it can't be that interesting to the reader. When I'm *really* stuck, I can always bounce an idea or two off Kathi and get it back in an improved form."

Besides Reid Fleming's continued comics appearance, Boswell has more than toyed with the possibility of bringing the milkman to the big screen. Negotiations and plans with Dave Thomas, one of SCTV's McKenzie Brothers, went into advance stages before finally breaking down at the top M-G-M management level. Boswell felt "more relieved than anything else" because the script being considered, which included limited Boswell input, departed from the essence of Reid Fleming. "The first time I spoke to anyone at the studio, he said that Reid would have to be made more sympathetic, which is to totally miss the point of the character. There were scenes of overt pathos, which really bugged me, because Reid Fleming would never feel sorry for himself."

Boswell has had other TV and movie offers and is currently talking to interested parties, but he is taking a wait-and-see attitude. "I'm not in any big rush to make a film or to get involved with one. If something really good comes up, I'll go with it. But until that happens, I'm really not hot to get a film made. It's much easier to get it wrong than do it right."

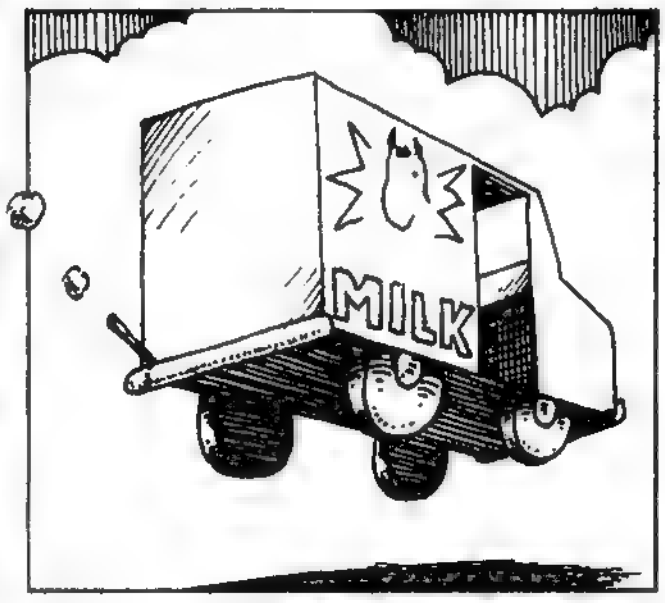
Even though Boswell would enjoy working in film—his first creative passion—he realizes, "It's so hard to get the kind of control that I already have as a cartoonist."

And, as a cartoonist, Boswell says he has the same sort of problem Reid Fleming does. "For him it's keeping a routine, repetitive job interesting. And he'll do anything he can to prevent the job being boring. His job is my job. I've got to think up what he's got to do.

"The nice thing is I've got Reid working for me now. He's increasing my standard of living. I suppose I should share things around, get him a new house, let him find a wallet with 5,000 bucks in it, or something like that."

And as for himself, Boswell says, "I'm not ambitious. I don't have high expectations from life. I just want to insure a steady flow of food and good cheer for my family whilst being careful not to become too much like the *bourgeoisie*." And, somehow, one feels Boswell will never quite run out of milk.

Illustrations from the second *Reid Fleming* comic. *Below:* A birth announcement, based on a frame enlargement from Universal Pictures' *Frankenstein* (1931), that Boswell put together on the occasion of the birth of his son.



Carol Lay's

GOOD GIRLS

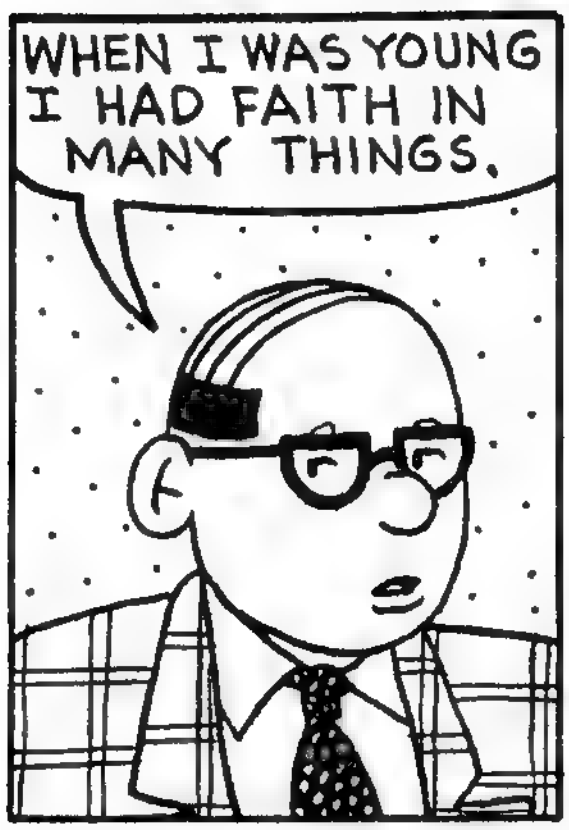
"It had something to do with her hair..."
She's got the job
(love-lorn columnist for
a great metropolitan newspaper).
She's got the friends
(Ultra-Ma, Stupendo Boy).
She's got the costume
(covered with hearts, no less).
But she just can't fly!
She's Monica Saunders.
Ms. Lonelyhearts.
Oh, yeah.
She's got the hair,
too.

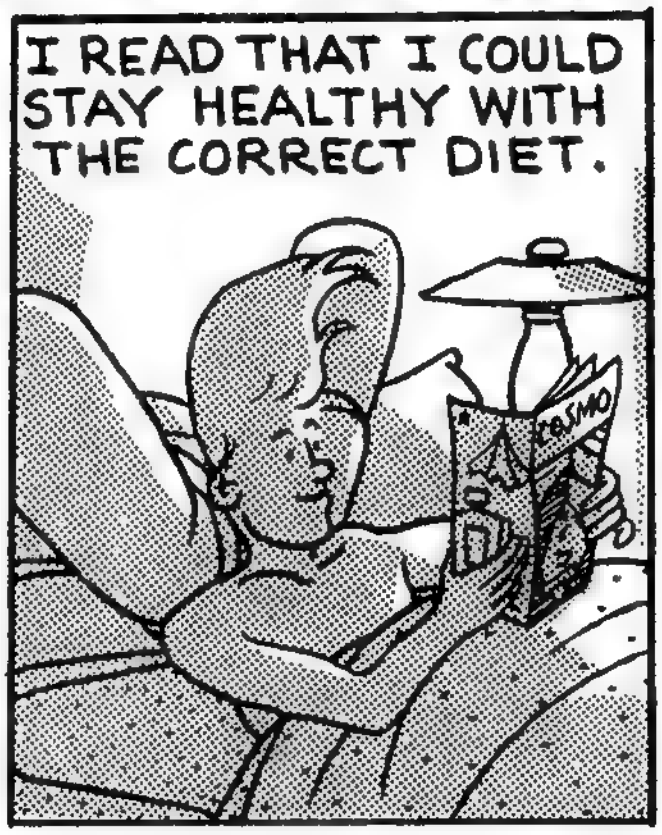
Find out why they're good.

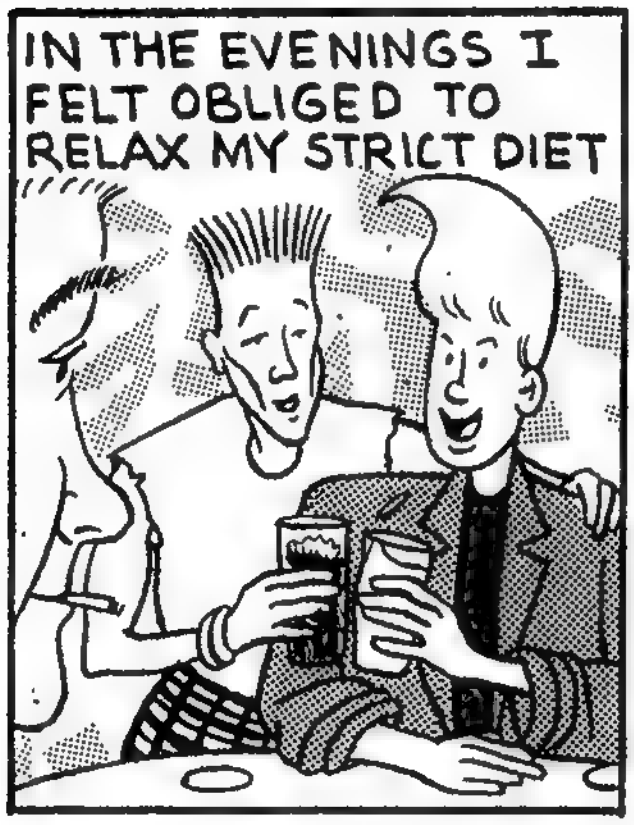
© 1986 Carol Lay

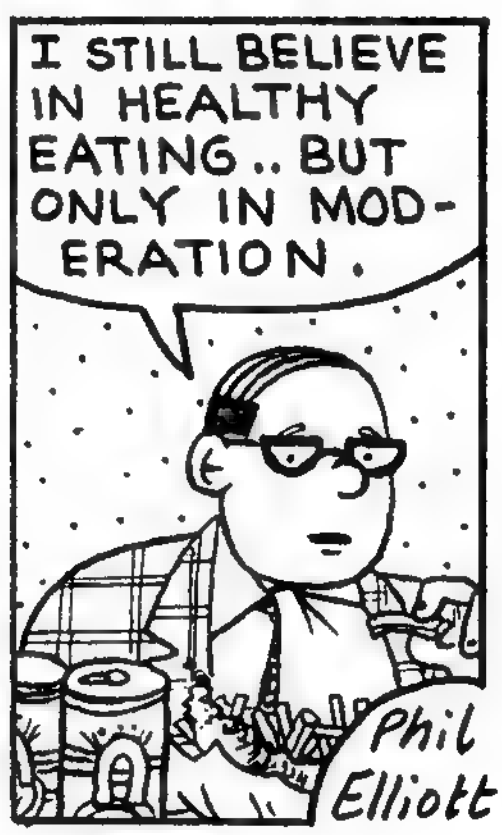
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

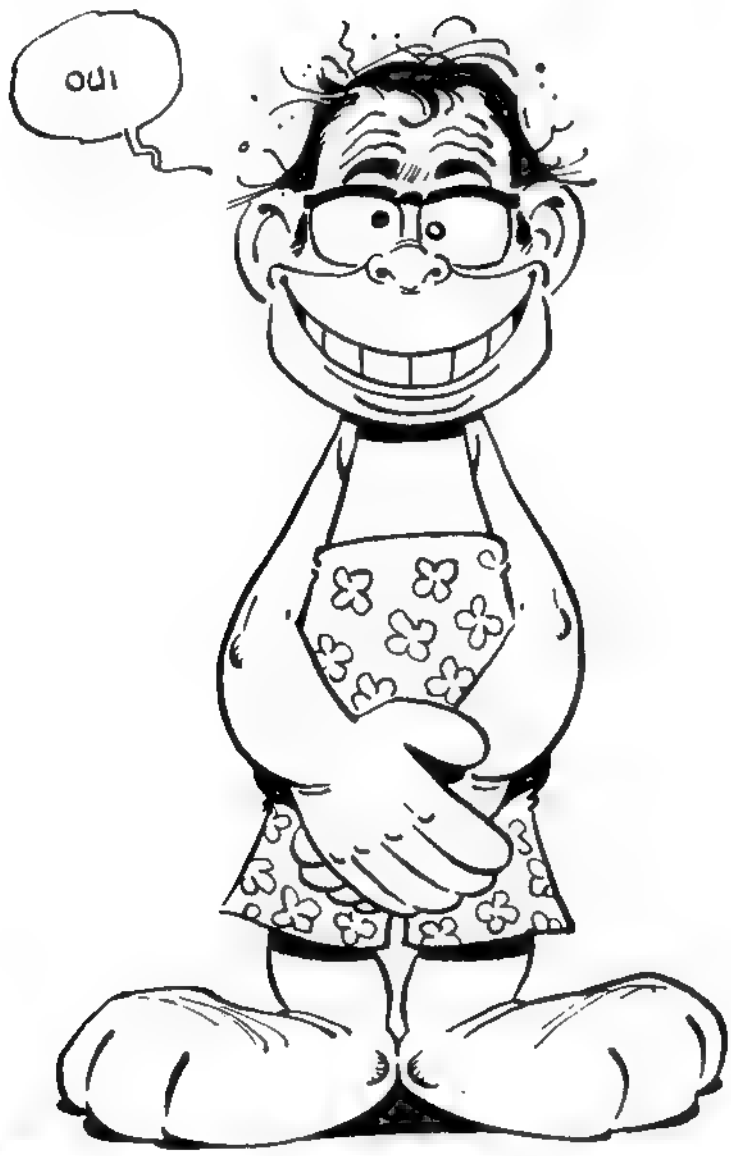
A TALE FROM GIMBLEY











GOT-IB!

Marcel Gotlib is one of the trendsetting humorists in the world of French Comics.

Gotlib started out in the mid-'60s at the legendary *Pilote* magazine, collaborating with writer Rene Goscinny on a series of wacky satirical two-pagers, the "Dingodossiers." Goscinny, of course, was at the time also working on *Asterix*, and the success of that series eventually led to his leaving Gotlib on his own; Gotlib promptly renamed the column "Rubrique-a-Brac," added a roster of continuing characters (including his science professor, a tiny ladybug, and Sir Isaac Newton —all of which appear this issue), and went on to greater and greater success. The series was collected into five large, handsome hardback volumes, and Gotlib became one of the more popular cartoonists of the country.

In 1973, Gotlib, along with fellow cartoonists Claire Bretecher and Nikita Mandryka, split from *Pilote* in order to form one of the first real French "alternative" comics publications, *L'Echo des Savanes*. Gleefully profane, obscene, and scatological, sometimes terribly self-indulgent, often dead on target, *L'Echo* provided the trio with the opportunity to do some of their most liberating work.

Originally conceived as a 48-page quarterly in which each artist would contribute 16 pages, the magazine quickly went monthly, adding a roster of other contributors. (Moebius's seminal "White Nightmare" appeared in an early issue of *Echo*, as did much of the early work by Francis Masse, regularly showcased in *RAW*.) After fewer than 10 issues, however, both Gotlib and Bretecher left the magazine. Bretecher went on to a career as France's answer to Jules Feiffer with her satirical one-page feature "Les Frustres" in the weekly newsmagazine *Le Nouvel Observateur*, while Gotlib decided to found another magazine.

Fluide Glacial, which debuted in 1975, remains one of the most successful and popular French comics magazines.* It recently celebrated its 100th issue, and neither it nor Gotlib has shown any sign of slowing down. Although his artistic output has been erratic in the past five years, Gotlib currently produces at least three to four pages of new material an issue, in addition to overseeing the magazine and writing the often hilarious editorials.

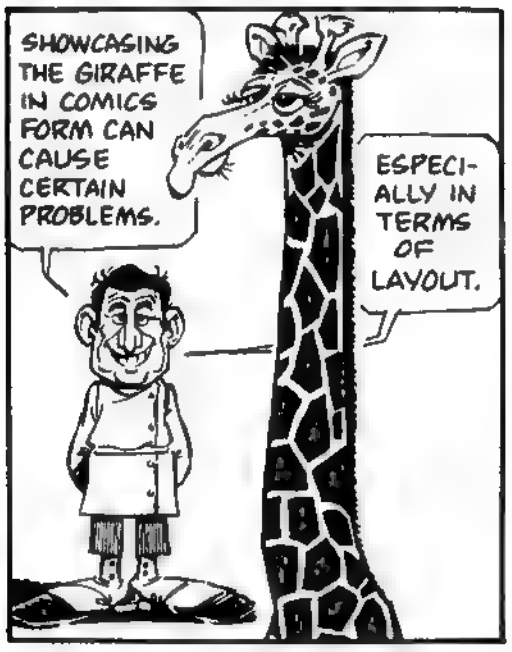
Gotlib's main inspirations, as he has often stated, are Harvey Kurtzman's *MAD* and Tex Avery's M-G-M cartoons. He also shares with Rene Goscinny a fondness for puns, which makes for some interesting translation problems. His tidy, almost anal-retentive style of cartooning belies a savagely anarchistic, uninhibited comedic flair. If we printed some of his later work, we'd be run out of town on a rail.

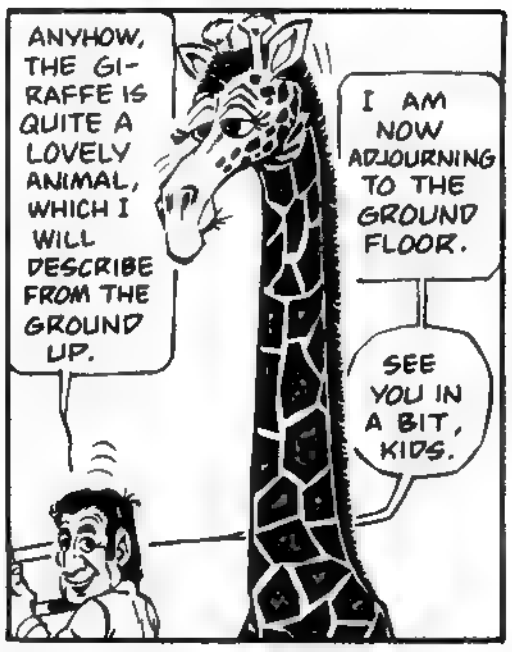
Which doesn't mean we won't, someday.

—Kim Thompson

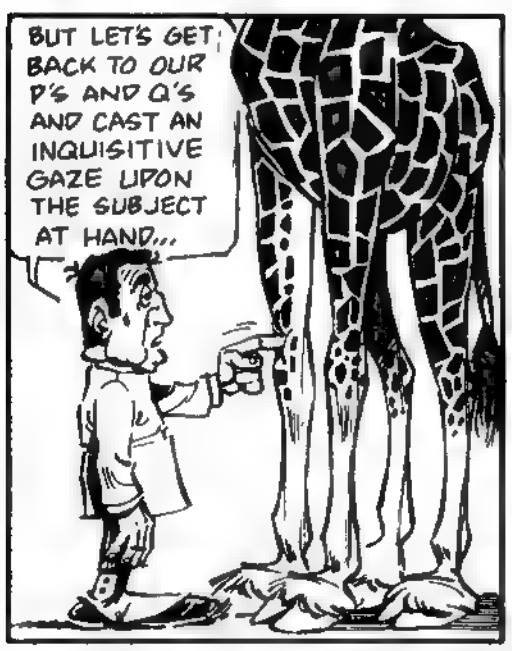
* *One of the current star features of* Fluide Glacial, *Lelong's "Carmen Cru," will be appearing regularly in Renegade Press's* French Ice.

THE GIRAFFE


SHOWCASING THE GIRAFFE IN COMICS FORM CAN CAUSE CERTAIN PROBLEMS.
ESPECIALLY IN TERMS OF LAYOUT.


ANYHOW, THE GIRAFFE IS QUITE A LOVELY ANIMAL, WHICH I WILL DESCRIBE FROM THE GROUND UP.
I AM NOW ADJOURNING TO THE GROUND FLOOR.
SEE YOU IN A BIT, KIDS.

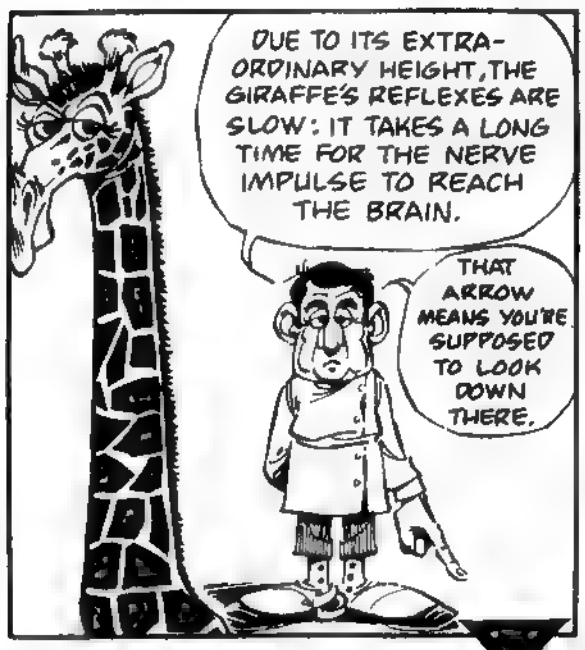
GUESS WHAT! IT'S ME AGAIN! TURNS OUT SOMEONE'S DOWN THERE ALREADY!
A MOST PERSONABLE NEIGHBOR, AT THAT.

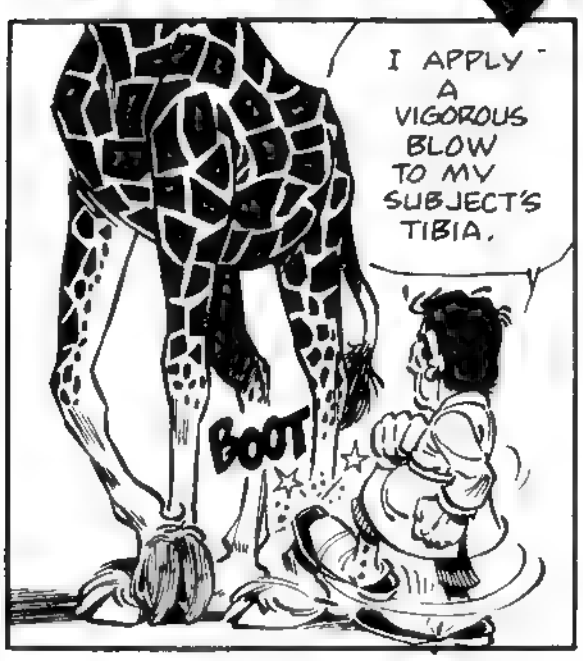

BUT LET'S GET BACK TO OUR P'S AND Q'S AND CAST AN INQUISITIVE GAZE UPON THE SUBJECT AT HAND...

ONE FACT IMMEDIATELY LEAPS TO THE FORE: THE GIRAFFE'S LEGS ARE DARN SKINNY.
UNDERLINE "DARN SKINNY."

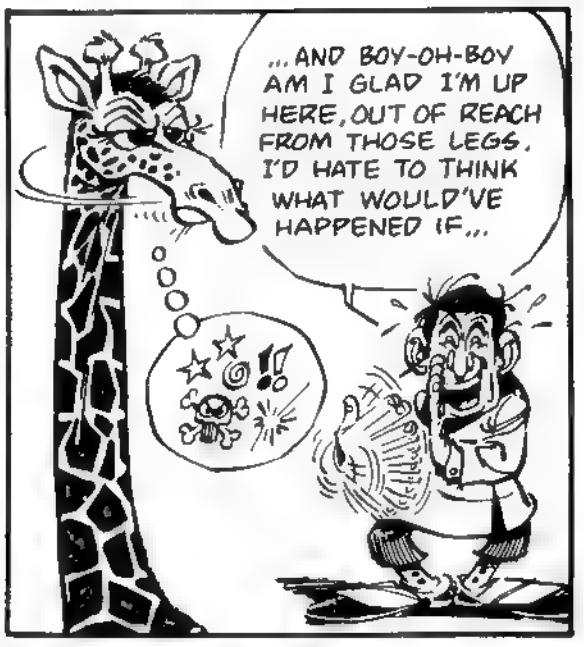
?
WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I DO BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR.
THAT'S OK... NOW WHERE WAS I?
RIGHT... THE LEGS...
DON'T CARE MUCH FOR THAT FELLOW'S LOOKS...


DUE TO ITS EXTRAORDINARY HEIGHT, THE GIRAFFE'S REFLEXES ARE SLOW: IT TAKES A LONG TIME FOR THE NERVE IMPULSE TO REACH THE BRAIN.
THAT ARROW MEANS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LOOK DOWN THERE.


I APPLY A VIGOROUS BLOW TO MY SUBJECT'S TIBIA.
BOOT

LET US OBSERVE THE CHAIN OF EVENTS:
(1) THE NERVE IMPULSE REGISTERS THE IMPACT.
SAY WHAT? WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT? ARE YOU NUTS?
(CRUDE REPRESENTATION OF NERVE IMPULSE)
(2) JUST LIKE A COMPUTER, IT INSTANTLY RECORDS THE EVENT...
WE WERE KICKED?
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, PAL!
(3) ... AND SETS OFF TOWARDS THE MAIN NERVE CENTER, A.K.A THE BRAIN.
JUST WAIT 'TIL THE MAIN NERVE CENTER, A.K.A. THE BRAIN, HEARS ABOUT THIS!
(4) THE NERVE IMPULSE MUST TRAVEL ALL THE WAY UP THE BODY OF THE GIRAFFE.
YOU'D THINK THEY COULD GET US AN ELEVATOR!
(5) UPON ARRIVAL, IT APPRISES THE BRAIN OF THE FACTS.
THEY DID WHAT TO WHAT?
(6) THE BRAIN RESPONDS WITH ALACRITY, DISPENSING INSTRUCTIONS FOR IMMEDIATE RETALIATION.
(7) FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, THE NERVE IMPULSE SPEEDS TOWARD THE DESIGNATED MUSCLE...
ALL I CAN SAY IS T.G.I.F.
(8) ... AND RELAYS THE ORDER ISSUED BY THE BRAIN.
GOTCHA
ALL OF WHICH RESULTS IN A VIOLENT MUSCLE SPASM -- HERE, A KICK.


... AND BOY-OH-BOY AM I GLAD I'M UP HERE, OUT OF REACH FROM THOSE LEGS. I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF...
!!

Translated by KIM THOMPSON; lettered by GARY FIELDS

by GOTLIB

CHEERFUL AND FROLICSOME BY NATURE, THE GIRAFFE TAKES TO SIMPLE TRICK LIKE A DUCK TO ORANGES.

NUM-NUMS!

HOP!

ALTHOUGH SWIFTER BY FAR THAN THE HORSE, THE GIRAFFE IS RARELY USED AS A RIDING ANIMAL. TOO BAD.., I THINK ZORRO, FOR ONE, WOULD LOOK GREAT ASTRIDE A GIRAFFE

BUT THEN MAYBE NOT.

DOWN, BOY!

WHEN PURSUED BY A PREDATOR ON THE VELDT, THE GIRAFFE WILL OFTEN HIDE BY LYING FLAT ON THE GROUND, A STRATEGY THAT HAS PREVENTED MANY A PREDATING.

VELDT RUG

THIS IS GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO FOLLOW.

THE GIRAFFE IS VELDT.., I MEAN SVELTE ENOUGH TO HIDE BEHIND A TREE.

SVELTE, SCHMELDT.

TOYBOAT, TOYBOAT.

DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME.

IN THIS PANEL, ONE CAN EASILY MAKE OUT A RATHER STUPID GIRAFFE WHO HAS FAILED TO GRASP THE TECHNIQUE.

WHEN IT WISHES TO DRINK, THE GIRAFFE MUST ADOPT A MOST UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION.

OOPS! WRONG PANEL! SORRY.

PEEKABOO

STUCK IN A GIRAFFE-LESS PANEL!

WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW THE WAY TO TIPPERARY?

HERE WE HAVE AN INTERESTING EXPLORATION OF THE NARRATIVE POSSIBILITIES OF THE TALL AND NARROW PANEL.

GRAT GRAT

AN' SO, BOYSANGIRLS, WE COME TO TH' END OF OUR FUH-FIRST THRILLING EXPLORATION OF THE WUH-WONDERS OF NATURE. NEXT MONTH: THE DACHSHUND.

BYE-BYE

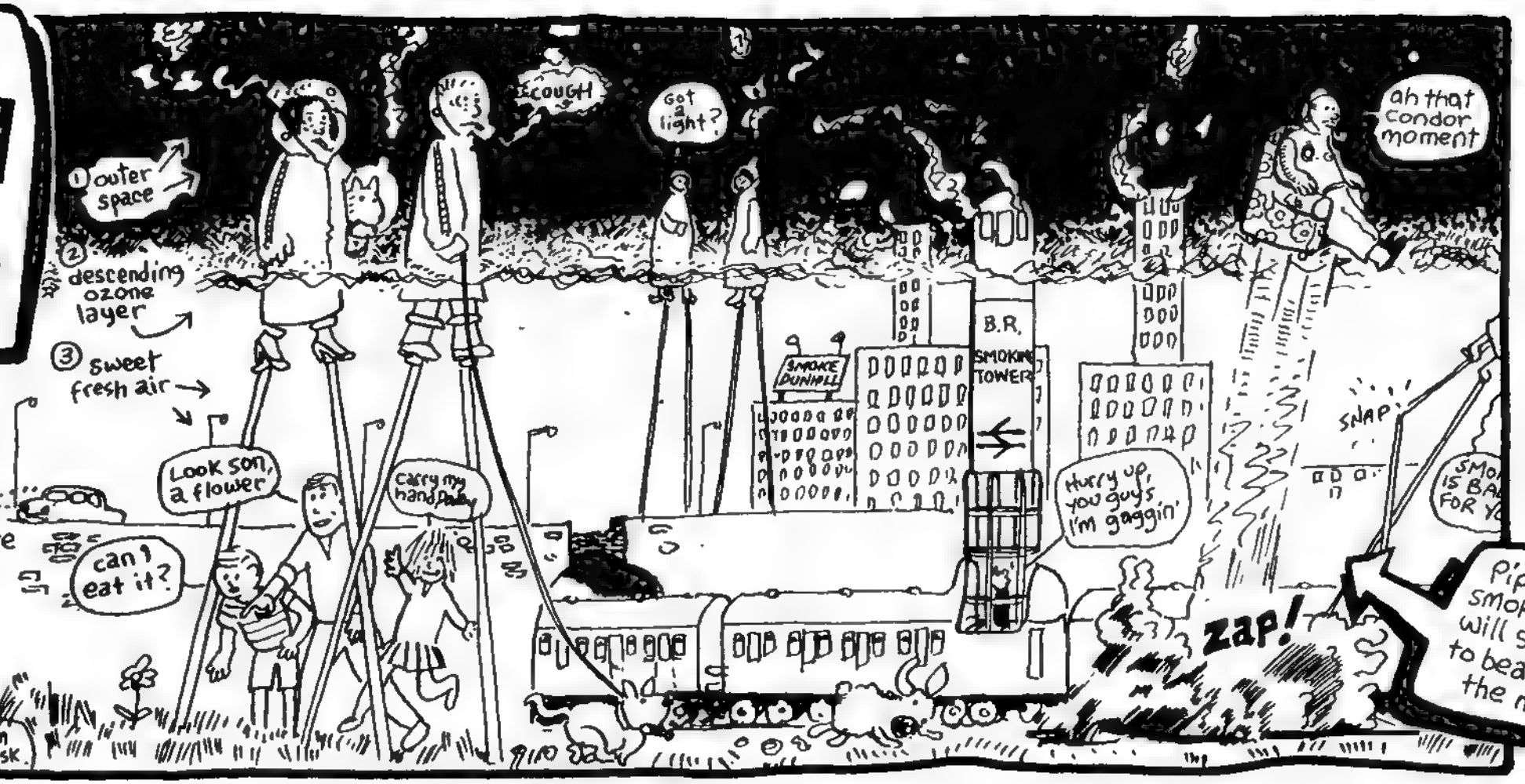
WHY DIDN'T WE HIRE VANNA WHITE FOR THIS PART?

I SAY, CHAPS, IS THIS WHERE THE SATURDAY MORNING SINGALONG TAKES PLACE?

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Ecologists predict that soon cigarette smokers will be able to practise their anti-social habit in relative peace !!

Because the Earth's atmosphere is shrinking at an alarming rate, smokers will be able to avoid polluting the breathable air by walking above it on stilts —!!



charlie Trumper © 84

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

NO. 11 EVERYBODY LOVES THE GOVERNMENT

I'M Professor Bean and I LOVE the GOVERNMENT
I'M a six-fingered clone of Harry McGinnis and I love the Government
i'm Rubbery Rodney and I love the Government
i'm a dog and I love the Government
I'm a pain in the arse
I'm an egg-cup
i'm a logo
I LUMP AGB BUMMINT
I'm an ink-stain
I'm a wank stain
BIMP
I'm the Trajectory of Newton's apple
I'm Newton's Apple and I Love ThE GovernmEnt
I'm a worm
I'm the Experimental FOUNDATION of the Quantum THEORY
I'm a jobby
I'm Fresh air
I'm Charlie Trumper and I like drinx
I'm Charlie Trumper's signature
Charlie Trumper '84 ©

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Today WE aRe Going to pay A visit to tHe LoCAL aleHOUSE FREQUENTED by Those EggHeads from the secret reseArCH labS at GraySon Manor ~

come and sample tHe brew at THE HAEMOGOBLIN ~~

180

how're the experiments Dr. Jeky!!

Got a light Doc

GUESS NUMBER OF CELLS

THE HaemoGoBLin is a busy pUB and prof. BroMide always found it difficULt to reACh the LavatoRY. so the Prof. has desiGNED hiS pERsonal 'inCONtiNence DAG' cunningly disguised as a SHOPPING bag.

SIGH.

Steer Shop

When full, tHe bag can be disposed of and replaced with another ~

Pass it back

Steer Shop

Hey! My turn

GENTS

Ever Wondered who requests those terrible RecORds on the JUKE BOX? WELL the JUke Box in the Haemogoblin has been fitted with a special 'Manilow B-side' safety device... ~

MANILOW

And WHen the evening WEARS on, and THE side-effects of the alcoHOL bEGin to take effect ~

YOUFREGRKY FGKEUTBDFIKS BNNASTMAGH YBOSS!

It is time to bring out Doc. Myopia's patent glasses ~

Huh! Sober again!

HIC! Another Atom-Blaster, barman!

©Charlie Trumper '84

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

WAVES

Here are some explain-ations of a few scientific terms ~

Hello Mum!

OSMOSIS

~my twice removed Jewish uncle ~

Shalom

DOPPLER EFFECT

~caused by excessive ALCOHOL consumption

RHEOSTAT

~Obscure mirVING VILLAGE in Siberia ~

Ya it is good

SOUND

pardon?

ISOBARS

~Help you

WORK!

REST!

and

PLAY!

EINSTEIN

~close friEnd of mY uncle osmosis ~

Ozzy! My friend, already

CHARLIE'S LAW

~To every action there is always a BURT Bacharach ~

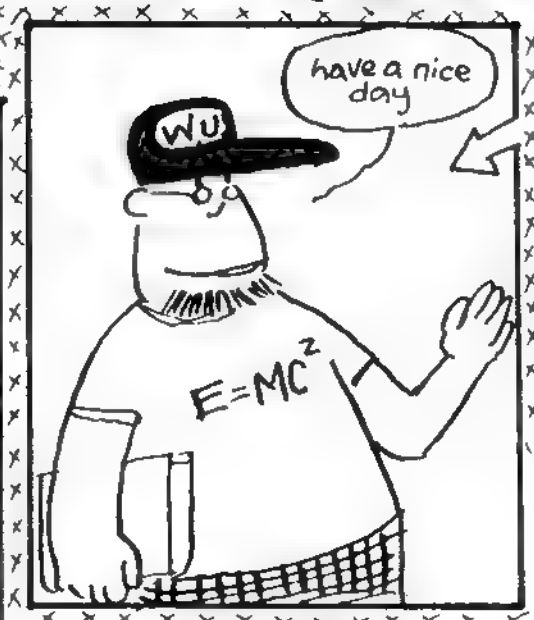
Charlie Trumper ©84

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

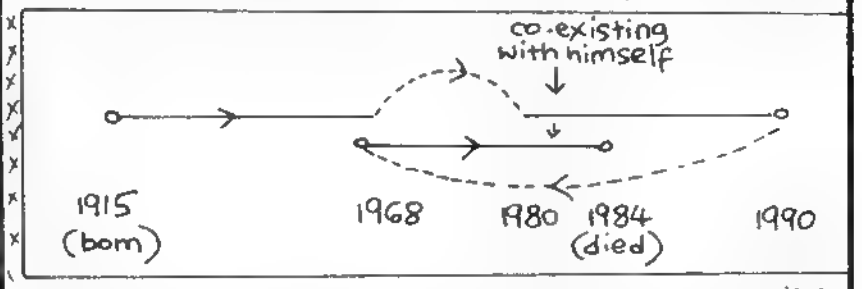
THE GREAT PROFESSOR BEAN HAS DIED AT HIS HOME IN KENT !!

He had been conducting experiments in suspended animation in which he placed himself in an ice-block in the kitchen freezer

It was during a party held by his wife that one of the guests, seeking ice for the cocktails inadvertently stabbed the professor through the heart~



However, the other Cuthbert Bean, currently Professor of microbiology at the University of Wisconsin is in fact one of the Prof's selves who time-travelled forward from 1968



In 1990 the Prof will travel back in time to just before 1968 to fill in the missing portion of his life. It is thus not easy to say how old he was when he died last night—

charlie trumper ©84

Due to an amazing time-travel situation explained last week in the obituary of the legendary Professor Bean, the Prof. was able to attend his own funeral. He flew in from Wisconsin yesterday in time to unveil his new invention at the ceremony—a seizmological device that can detect great people turning in their graves—

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

It's not true what the papers say—I never invented the electric toothbrush
I never climbed Everest on Raler skates—It was a pogo stick
I wrote Hamlet but not the way those guys played it
I invented Dynamite But I've made amends
I invented the A-bomb but I've changed my Psychiatrist
I invented the H-bomb but I've changed my mind
I Invented a device that can end the universe and I've changed my shirt
I ordered a dozen
Harry McGinnis clone 719 RIP
Bacon
Nobel
Arnold Bomb
Harold Bomb
Cuthbert Bean 1915 1984
village idiot
charlie Trumper @ 84
I'm turning my grave in for a better one

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

To encourage consumers to continue purchasing certain products, manufacturers make sure that goods become obsolete after a certain period of time!

Examples of this built-in obsolescence include:

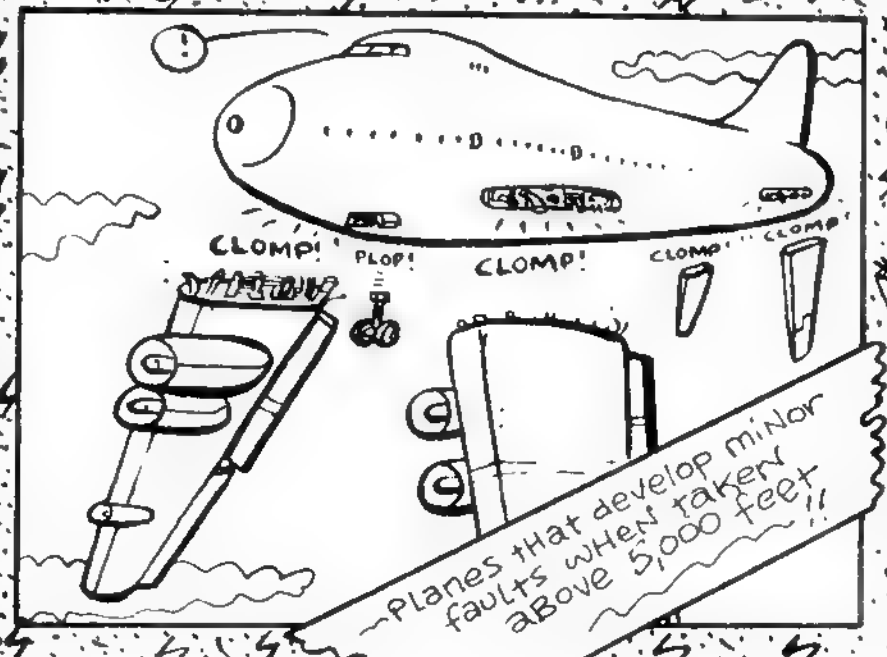
The handle falling off a tea-pot ~

Razors becoming blunt after just one shave ~

The boffins at Grayson Manor have been asked to design built-in obsolescence factors for other products ~

Thus every rope in three has a special built-in obsolescence

Logos that disintegrate after only 13 weeks use



charlie Trumper ©84

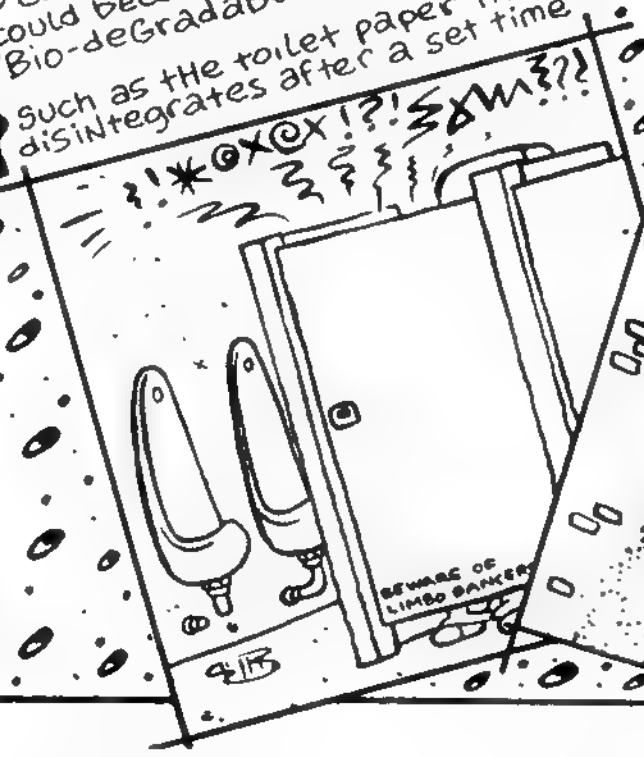
THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

While researching in the area of 'built-in obsolescence' (as explained last week) the scientists of Grayson Manor concluded rather than just making a product become obsolete to make it disappear altogether!

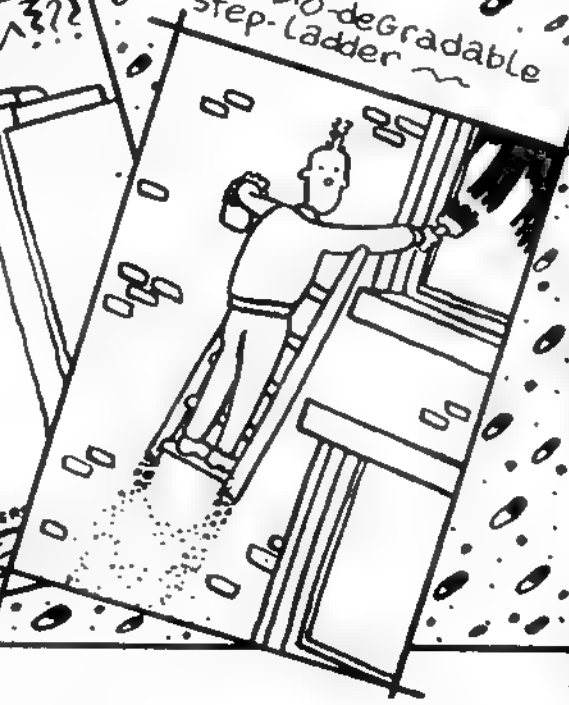
This would force the consumer to keep buying rather than using a worthless good no matter the inconvenience ~

~ Consequently the market could become flooded with 'Bio-degradable' products!

Such as the toilet paper that disintegrates after a set time



The bio-degradable step-ladder ~



This research may be extended to other areas of life... with the dole giro that expires after a 3-month period—

BLINDED WITH SCIENCE

I'm UNEMPLOYed - CAn I have some MONEY?

YOU CAN'T HAVE UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFIT UNTIL WE GET FORM UB-4,735 BACK FROM CENTRAL OFFICE IN AUCHTERMUCHTY...

.. IN ORDER THAT WE CAN COUNT YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS PAID IN THE RELEVANT TAX YEAR TO ASSESS YOUR ENTITLEMENT IN THE CHINESE NEW YEAR ~~

If you WISH to CLAIM SUPPLEMENTARY BENEFIT IN THE INTERIM GO DOWN TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS AND ENTER THE DOOR MARKED MARTIAN BUSINESS STUDIES ~

they blinded me with science.

When do I get paid?

There's a cheque in the post

Charlie Trumper ©84

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Did You Know ?!~

THAT AN ORDINARY HEN's EGG IS CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING TREMENDOUS WEIGHT ON its VERTICAL AXIS..

① Eggs placed horizontally →

② egg placed vertically

③ egg decorated in commemoration of the great Prof. Bean

④ normal eggflight

⑤ perfecting a more aerodynamic egg →

⑥ The nuclean egg

PTUI

made to bounce until iT HiTs Side-on

Which came first ? the bacon or the egg

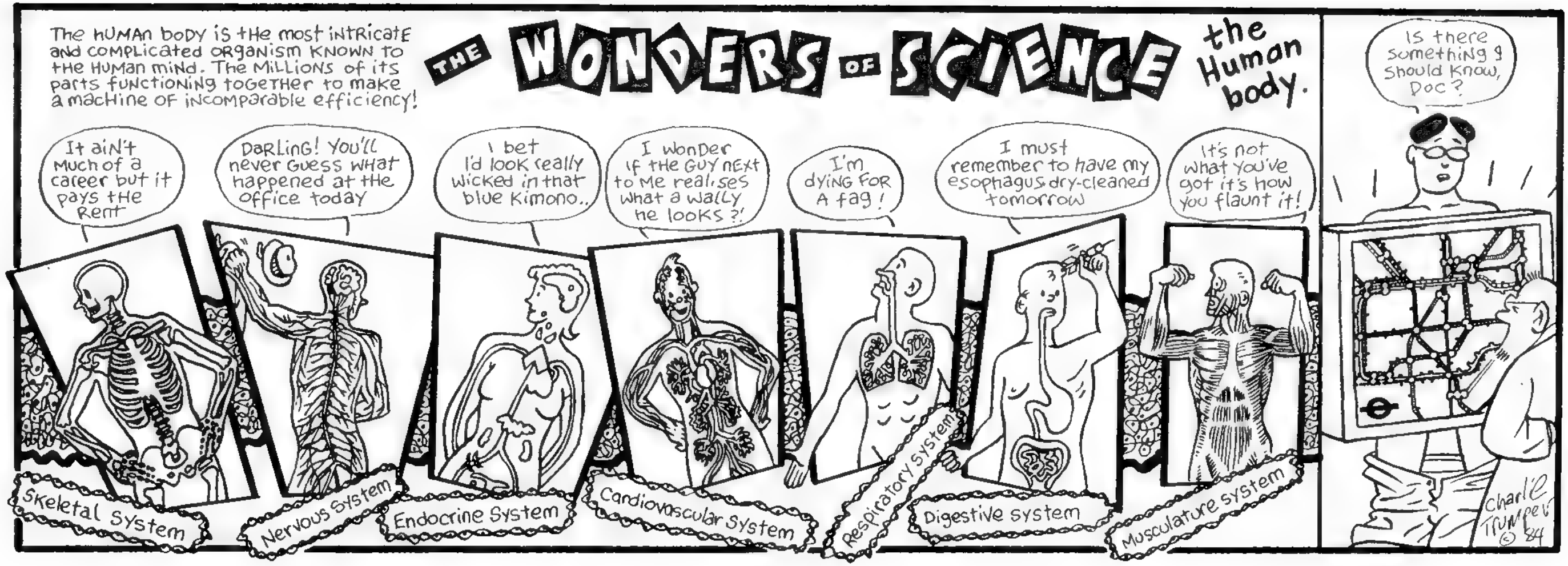
How should I know

© Charlie 84 Trumper

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

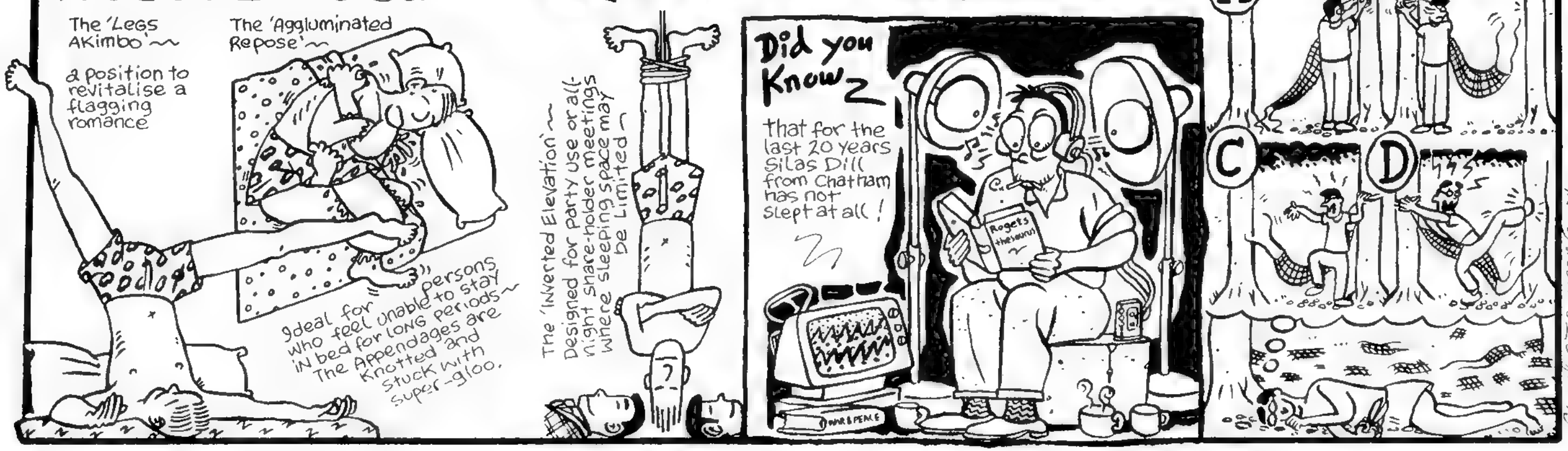
the Human body.

The HUMAN body is the most INTRICATE and COMPLICATED ORGANISM KNOWN to the HUMAN MIND. The MILLIONS of its parts FUNCTIONING TOGETHER to make a MACHINE OF INCOMPARABLE efficiency!


It ain't much of a career but it pays the Rent
Skeletal System
DARLING! You'll never GUESS WHAT happened at the office today
Nervous System
I bet I'd look really wicked in that blue Kimono..
Endocrine System
I wonder if the GUY NEXT to me realises what a wally he looks?!
Cardiovascular System
I'm dying FOR A fag!
Respiratory System
I must remember to have my esophagus dry-cleaned tomorrow
Digestive system
It's not what you've got it's how you flaunt it!
Musculature system
Is there something I should know, Doc?
Charlie TRUMPER © '84

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

SLEEP is OUR CHANCE to ESCAPE the HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF Life. HERE are some SUGGESTIONS WHICH can make the activity MORE pleasurable!


The 'Legs AKimbo'~
a position to revitalise a flagging romance
The 'Aggluminated Repose'~
Ideal for persons who feel unable to stay in bed for long periods~ The Appendages are Knotted and Stuck with super-gloo.
The 'Inverted Elevation'~
Designed for party use or all-night share-holder meetings where sleeping space may be Limited~
Did you Know 2
that for the last 20 years Silas Dill from Chatham has not slept at all!
Roget's thesaurus
WAR & PEACE
How to put up a hammock~
A
B
C
D
Charlie Trumper © 84

BY ALAN MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE CAMPBELL

GLOBETROTTING for AGORAPHOBICS

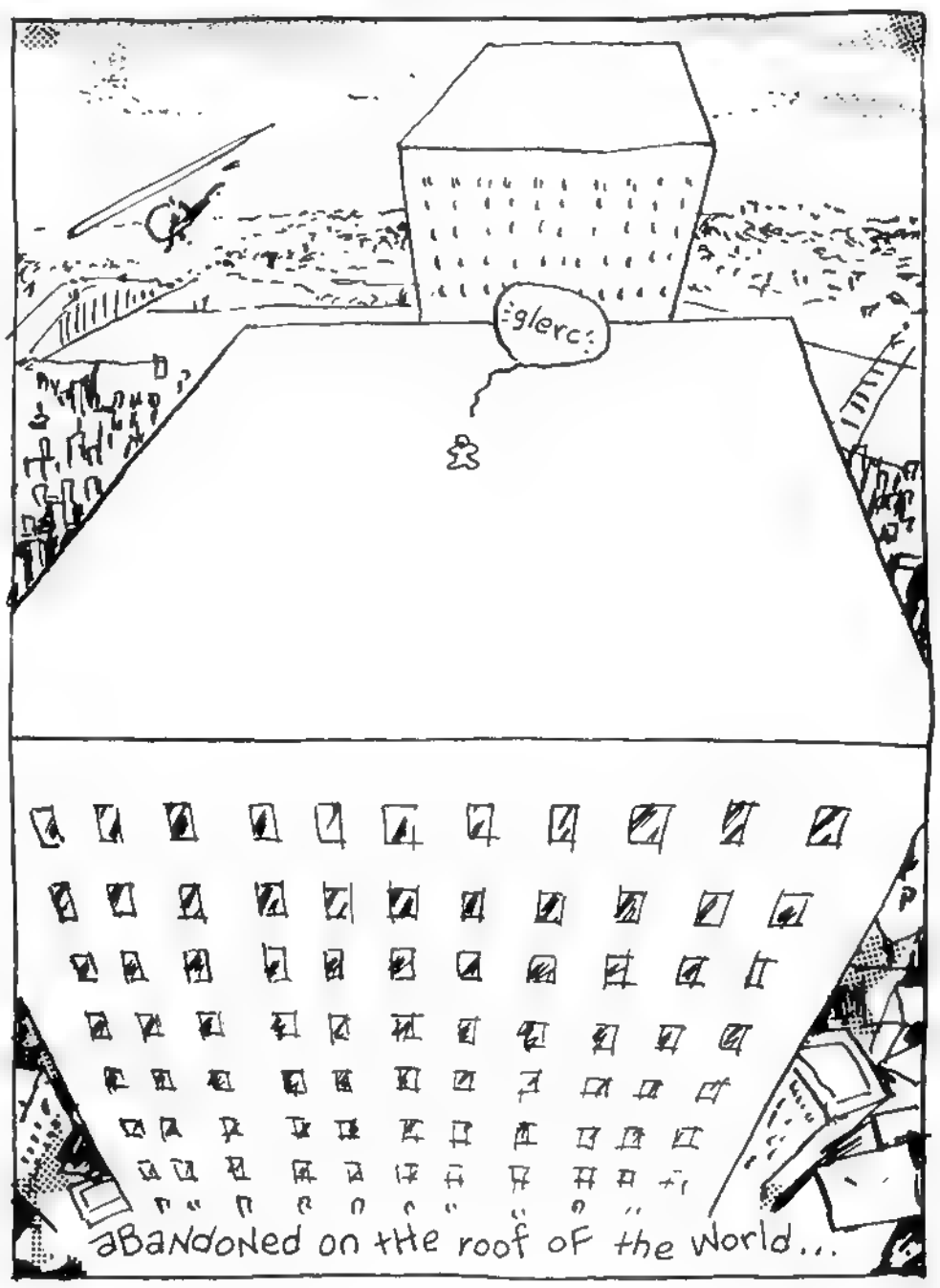
If you're reading this in a dark and wood-scented environment that seems to be littered with obsolete hair-grips, colored elastic bands and empty ballpoint pens with a woman on the side whose bikini vanishes when the pen is inverted, then it is safe to assume that (a) you're in the upper right drawer of the sideboard, and (b) you're an agoraphobic.

Agoraphobia, the fear of open spaces, is a comparatively mild psychiatric disorder that in many cases causes no discomfort whatsoever to its sufferers, except in those random and unpredictable instances when someone inadvertently opens the aforementioned sideboard drawer or takes the top off of the laundry basket or something of a similar nature, in which case they are likely to weep, evacuate their bowels or bite their own thumbs off. As if often the case with physical or mental disabilities, society in general seems slow to come to terms with the unique problems of these unlucky individuals. It isn't a matter of muttering embarrassed apologies and closing the door quickly when you discover your mother inside the tumble-dryer; the issue, very real and far-reaching in its consequence, goes much deeper than that.

We must ask ourselves, as a nation, what we can do for agoraphobics in our midst. How can we ease their suffering? How can we help them to see themselves as useful members of society, rather than as nuisances who get in the way when the gas-man wants to read the meter in the cupboard under the stairs? Here are a few practical suggestions.

First, insulting and condescending euphemisms like "Closet Case" and "Shut In" must be removed from the language immediately. The same goes for "Hutch Haunter," "Cystern Squatter," "Refrigerator Resident" and all similarly insensitive terms of abuse that are currently in popular usage. I know as well as anyone that while in lighthearted and convivial banter with one's workmates, it's all too easy to forget yourself and say something like "My Uncle Ron is a real Matchbox-Minder," especially when everyone else is using the same sort of language. We must understand, however, that this is simply not good enough, and determine to try harder. Perhaps "My Uncle Ron is a person of diminished dwelling" might be less offensive.

Second, we can all of us endeavor to take simple precautions as we go about our everyday business so that we do not accidentally disturb or cause anxiety to these unfortunates by a moment's thoughtlessness. For example, next time you reach for the biscuit tin in order to provide accompaniment for your evening mug of Ovaltine, stop and think. Before removing the lid, lift the tin gently and see if you can determine from its weight and the bulge of its sides whether it contains the last four Gypsy Creams or your painfully introverted



brother who's never been the same since he was accidentally abandoned on the roof of the World Trade Center at the age of 15 months. Knock before you open the trunk of your car. Pause for a second before incautiously scraping those potato peelings into the pedal-bin. By these small and comparatively trivial acts of consideration you could be easing the discomfort of this country's Severely-Confined Citizens everywhere.

Third, and in my view most importantly, agoraphobics should be given a nice long holiday. What could be better for Lad or Lass of Limited Lebensraum than a sunny and carefree Round-The-World jaunt? Granted, there are serious difficulties involved in such an excursion, but with the application of a little ingenuity there is no real reason why even the most ardent advocate of abbreviated accommodation should not become truly cosmopolitan. Below, I have attempted to outline a few easy, step-by-step instructions towards the accomplishment of a viable vacation.

I. ANNOUNCING THE HOLIDAY

Since almost any agoraphobic sufferer will scream the wardrobe down if confronted with the prospect of a World Cruise, it is better not to tell them about the Holiday until the very last minute, if at all. Should such as announcement prove unavoidable, try to build up to it as gently as possible, being careful to avoid such phrases as "What you need is to get out and about a bit more often" or "How about some nice, bracing fresh air?" which may cause stress. Try instead to look at the agoraphobic's needs in a more positive light. Open the conversation with something along the lines of "I hear there are some jolly nice bathroom cabinets in Italy" and I think you'll be genuinely surprised by the result.

2. TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

When making travel arrangements for agoraphobics, there are really only two clearly defined alternatives open to serious consideration. The first, and perhaps the least difficult and time-consuming of these, is to simply phone the Nigerian embassy and inform them that you have a dissident expatriate of their country with critical views upon its government currently residing in the glove compartment of your Renault. In less time than it takes to say "knife," representatives of the embassy will be at your door with a syringeful of unusual drugs ready to pump into the unsuspecting voyager before the commencement of his journey, an innovative in-flight convenience which even the world's most progressive airlines have been surprisingly reluctant to introduce. Next, the hibernating holidaymaker will be placed inside a packing crate and transported around the world under the guise of diplomatic baggage, a perfect means of travel for a dedicated Shoebox-Shelterer. The only serious drawback to this mode of transport is that upon your arrival at his country of destination the tranquilized tourist will almost certainly be tortured, forced to renounce all previously-held political affiliations, and then be put to death before a firing squad. For this reason, many seasoned globetrotters prefer to plump for the second of two options mentioned above, by which the complete circumnavigation of the globe can be accomplished without the need to set foot beyond the front door. This method is dealt with thoroughly in our next section.

3. PRETENDING YOU'RE IN TORREMOLINOS WHEN IN FACT YOU'RE ACTUALLY IN THE AIRING CUPBOARD

Not as difficult as it sounds. Remember, the recipient of your generosity will be almost pathetically eager to avoid any chance glimpse of an object more than four feet away from them, and they will gratefully acquiesce when you suggest that their trip might be more comfortable and enjoyable were they to wear a Sainsbury's carrier-bag over their head for its duration. Once they are unable to see, the deception becomes far less problematic.

First, you must convince them that they are being put into a taxi and taken to the airport. To do this, sit them in a poorly-upholstered chair and turn Radio One up as loud as you can to prevent them from noticing the absence of engine noise. If they remark upon the fact that they do not feel as if they are actually moving, talk glowingly of your suspension in an unrecognizably gruff cockney voice until they shut up about it. To add verisimilitude to the experience, you may find that it helps to shout "For Christ's sake get in the slow lane or put your foot down, you black bastard" at carefully spaced intervals throughout the "journey."

After roughly one and a half hours, inform them that they have reached the airport and ask for 85 pounds. While they are fumbling for their wallet, place your head inside a metal waste-paper basket chosen for its resonance and, adopting a barely-intelligible feminine falsetto, announce that their flight leaves in five minutes. Almost invariably, they will emit an anxious groan from beneath the paper bag, fling a handful of ten pound notes to the imaginary taxi-driver, and then, turning 'round, run full-tilt into the living room wall, knocking themselves unconscious. Before they come around, sit them in an armchair that is situated so as to be facing the wall from less than

a foot away, requiring that their knees be tucked up under the chin in an uncomfortable position, where they will remain for the next eight hours. When they regain consciousness, ask them to extinguish their cigarettes and inform them that if they will look towards the center aisle, the stewardess will demonstrate the use of the lifejacket against the eventuality of the plane being forced into a landing over water. The fact that they are unable to see this possibly vital demonstration of basic safety precautions will create a genuine sense of unease indistinguishable from that experienced by all normal airline passengers while in flight. Checking first with the *Radio* or *TV Times*, announce the title of their in-flight movie and then switch the television on. If you become bored during the next seven or so hours, why not announce some "Air Turbulence" while gripping the bag-blinkered traveller's armchair from the rear and shaking it violently from side to side? In any eventuality, you are now "On Your Way" and the most difficult part is over. All that remains is the task of providing a credible approximation of the countries that your jittery jet-setter is to visit.

4. FINLAND IN YOUR LAVATORY

One of the easiest, this. You can get away with almost anything for the simple reason that no one has ever been to Finland or has the least idea of what it looks like, especially not from inside a carrier bag. To suggest the bitter and arctic climate an electric fan will be needed, unless you are one of those fortunate enough to own an outside water closet, in which case simply leave the door open. The noise of the tank refilling can be passed off as the gently lapping wavelets of a nearby fjord, even if they don't actually have fjords in Finland. Certainly, no one who has spent their childhood inside a tea-caddy is going to contradict a local. If you say there are fjords in Finland, they are almost guaranteed not to argue. Should they still seem inclined to debate the point, drop a brick into the toilet bowl with a loud splash and say "Uh-oh! There goes another Russian cruise missile! Good job it landed in the fjord."

5. JAPAN IN YOUR PANTRY

Since Japan is one of the most seriously overcrowded and cramped nations upon the planet, the ordinary domestic pantry is by far the best place to construct your own "Land of the Rising Sun." Simply run an exhaust hose in through the pantry window so as to simulate the proper atmosphere and then play a tape of people talking backwards at 78 RPM. If your "visitor" should open his mouth to ask awkward or embarrassing questions concerning your country and its traditions, ram a piece of raw fish into it and whisk him off to examine production at a famous Nipponese micro-chip manufacturer. A handful of Shreddies tipped onto a baking tray will pass as state-of-the-art miniature circuitry to all but the most discerning fingertips, I assure you.

6. SWEDEN IN YOUR KITCHEN

Seating your by-now-world-weary explorer in the chest freezer, fill the sink with blancmange and then try vigorously to unblock it using a conventional plumber's suction cup while asking them what they think of the live sex show. The sub-zero temperature should adequately prevent their arousal from reaching a pitch where they become difficult or unmanageable, but in extreme cases you must use your own judgment.

7. SOUTH AMERICA IN YOUR GREENHOUSE

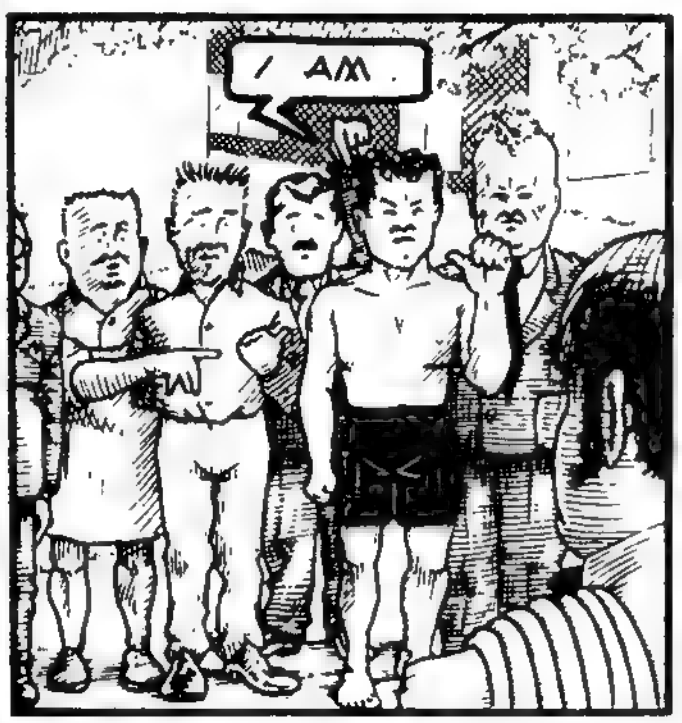
Hopefully self-exploratory. All that's needed is a small electrical generator, a length of copper wire and a couple of crocodile clips, and the illusion is complete.

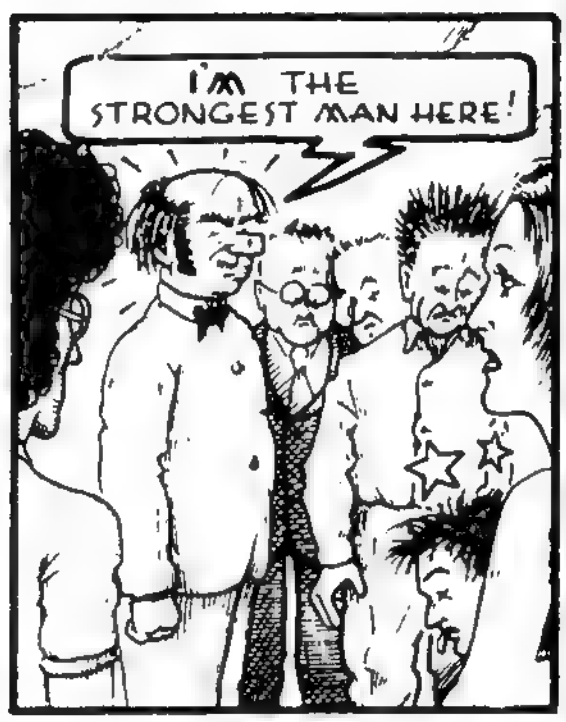
Obviously, there is little point in my going on at great length to describe the manifold delights of Botswanaland In Your Passageway or The People's Republic of China in Your Spare Bedroom. By now, the basic techniques should be clear to anyone who is at all interested in providing this selfless service for some inmate of inhibiting habitation or other. With just a little bit of imagination, I'm sure your own will spring to mind. For instance, how about the simulation of various lethal and singular diseases that may have been picked up in the tropics? Or an impromptu strip-search when your holiday-maker is returning through "British Customs"? The possibilities are endless.

It's true that at the end of the day you are left with little more than a warm glow of charitable satisfaction and whatever money you have managed to extort during your imposture as a string of unscrupulous continential hoteliers, but think of the benefit to the poor benighted creature that you have aided by your actions. Even if he or she still doesn't want to come out of the umbrella stand ever again, they will at least have a much fuller understanding of what it was that drove them there in the first place. Remember. . .agoraphobics are as much a part of our society as anyone else. They have a valid lifestyle which shouldn't be regarded as an illness or something to be ashamed of. If we all work together and try to be a little more understanding, perhaps we can help them all to admit what they are, free from shame and go back into the closet without the fear or ridicule or reproach. Thank you for listening.

REID FLEMING

WORLD'S TOUGHEST
MILKMAN





WORLD'S TOUGHEST
COMICS

ECLIPSE COMICS

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FORMLESS FOSDICK THE INVISIBLE DETECTIVE

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SLAIN

BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE COCKROACH, FOSDICK HAS AN EERIE ABILITY TO SMELL TROUBLE!

THIS INCLUDES LEAKY FAUCETS, BURNED OUT LIGHT BULBS, AND EXPIRED PARKING METERS.

THUNK

SNIFF SNIFF

SLAIN

MULTIPLY THIS TIMES THE CITY'S SIX MILLION INHABITANTS, AND YOU'VE GOT A PRETTY JUMPY GUY.

LUCKY FOR THE READER, THIS TIME IT'S A COUPLE TERRORISTS IN THE APARTMENT ABOVE FOSDICK, PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON AN **H-BOMB.**

THUN

BETTER GET THE STETSON.

"THE STETSON" IS NONE OTHER THAN FOSDICK'S **HAT OF POWER** THAT MAKES THE WEARER **TOTALLY INVISIBLE.**

UNFORTUNATELY THE STETSON IS ALSO INVISIBLE, AND FOSDICK HAS TERRIBLE SHORT-TERM MEMORY.

?

[illegible] LIVES OF MILLIONS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE [illegible]...

SHIT!

CRASH

AND FINALLY...

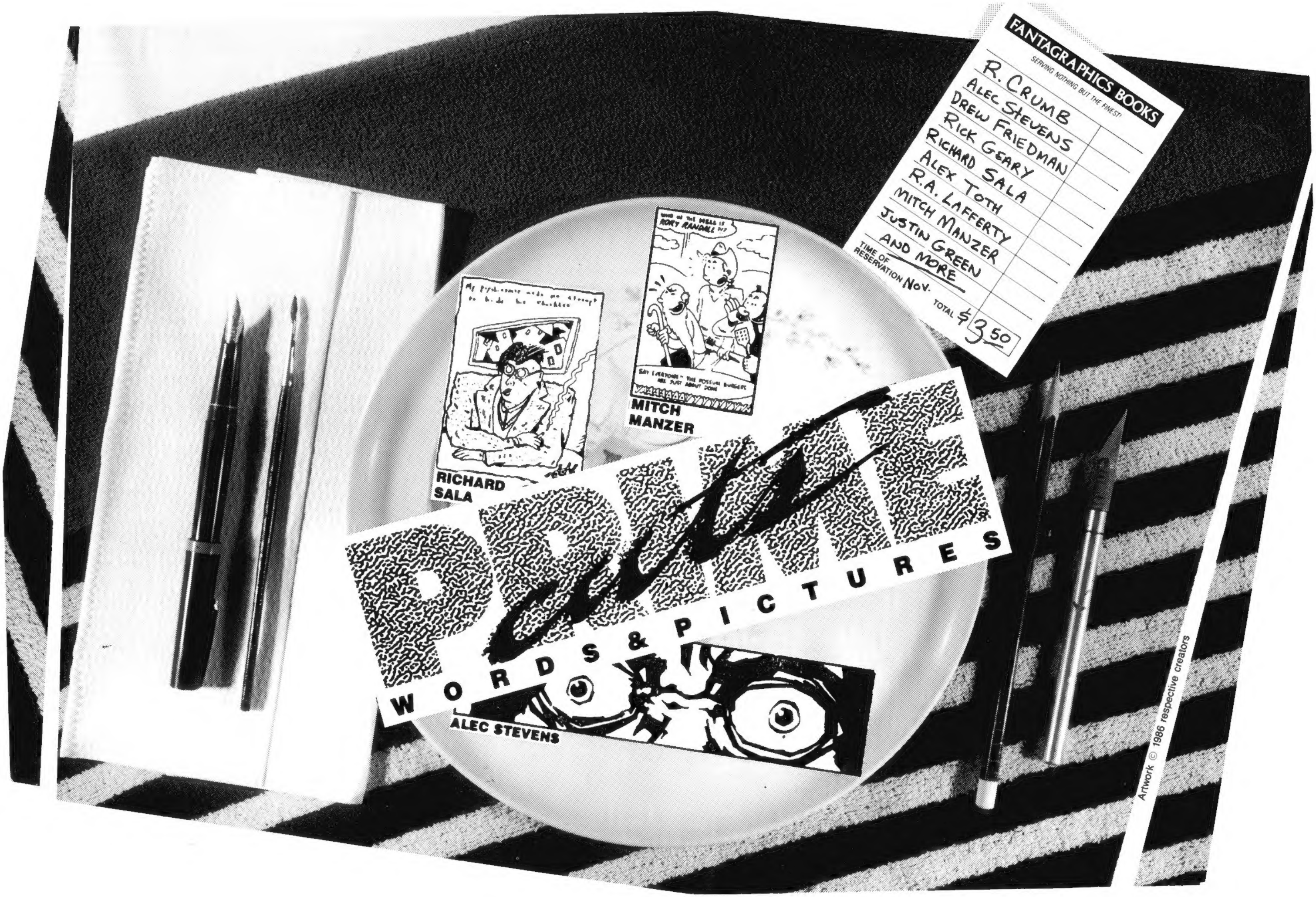
HERE YOU ARE!

SNATCH

THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!

PFFFT!

SORRY FOSDICK, WE'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE.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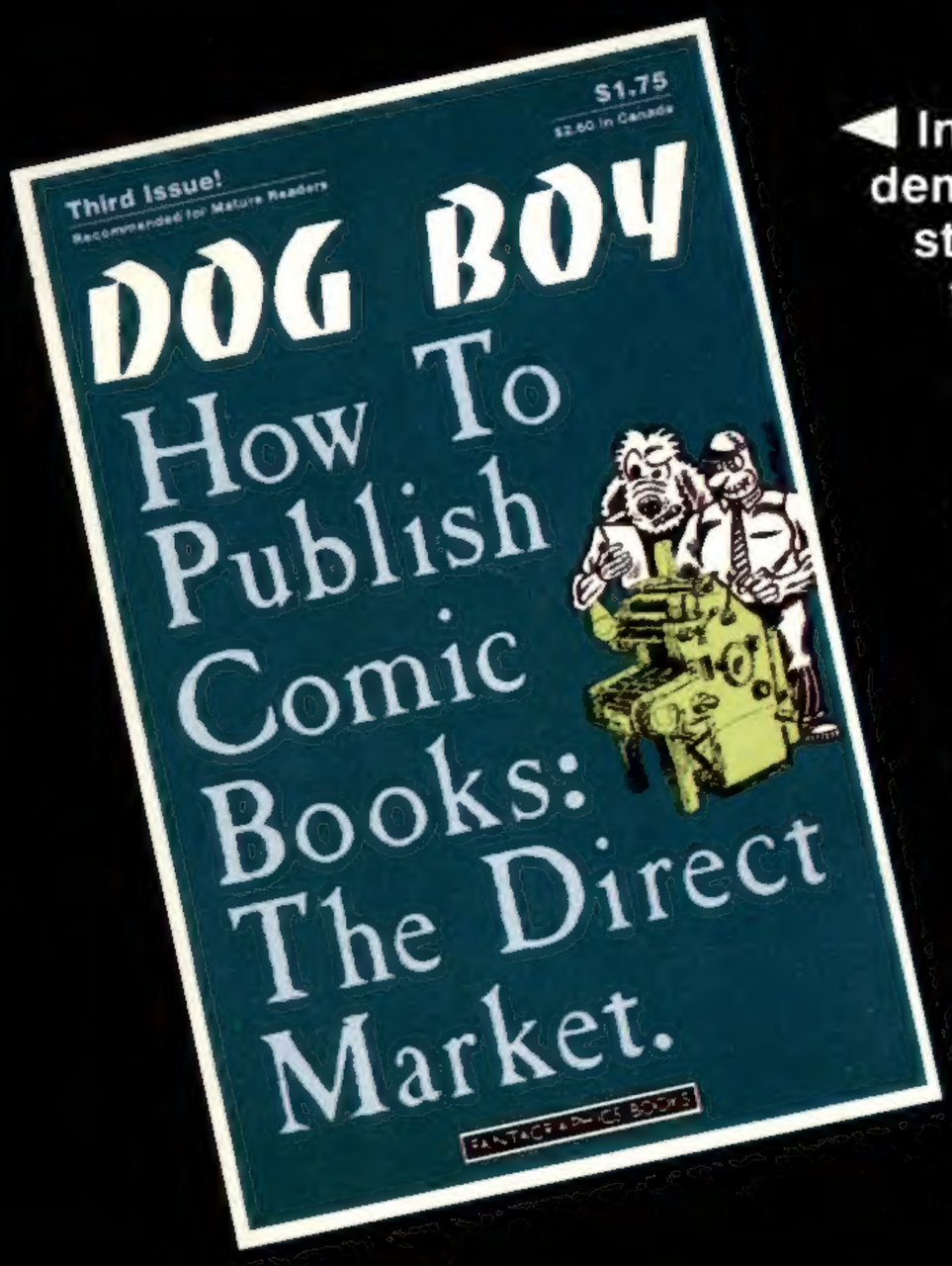
The Comic That Skates Between Reality And Surreal Experience And Leaves You Howling With Laughter

STEVE LAFLER'S

DOG BOY

Take a peek at what's coming up:



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